THESE TWELVE

A STUDY IN TEMPERAMENT

CHARLES R. BROWN

These Twelve Jesus sent forth

Louis Landgrebe

With my best
wishes

Frank Brown

THESE TWELVE

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A STUDY IN TEMPERAMENT

BY

CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

DEAN OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL, YALE UNIVERSITY

These twelve Jesus sent forth

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FOREWORD

In this study of temperament, I take nine of the "Twelve Types" from the ranks of the original Apostles. There are three men named in Matthew's list, James the son of Alpheus, Lebbaeus, and Bartholomew, about whom we know little or nothing. The sketches made of their characters and service have been almost entirely fanciful. I therefore deem it wise to omit any study of those three men, supplying their places with chapters on Barnabas, Paul, and Jesus, about whom we know so much.

In making this study I have received many useful suggestions from Edward A. George's "The Twelve," Bernard C. Clausen's "Pen Portraits of the Twelve," J. W. G. Ward's "The Master and the Twelve," and from A. B. Bruce's "The Training of the Twelve," which is old, but rich in content.

"He ordained twelve that they should be with Him and that He should send them forth." He wrote no books. He devised no stately liturgy.

He gave the barest hints as to the organization of the movement to which He devoted His life. He staked the whole future of His cause upon the work of twelve men who had been "with Him" until they were saturated with His Spirit and were competent to be "sent forth" to reproduce the main features of His life in the service to which they were called.

He was a "true vine," putting forth branches, projections, continuing utterances of His own nature. He put forth "these twelve," then "other seventy," then three thousand, that His work might bear fruit.

He chose "Twelve" because every Hebrew would see instantly that this meant a new Israel in which all the nations would be blessed, a New Jerusalem into which "the kings of the earth" would bring their glory and their honor. The number "twelve" was like a thought-form to the Hebrew, and the Master pictured the kingdom of God as having twelve sections.

He chose for the most part outdoor men, fishermen, farmers, peasants, and the like, whose main concern had been with things and persons, rather

than with words and abstract ideas. They would have a keener sense of reality. They would be better able to keep their feet on the ground, even when their heads and their hearts were among the stars. They would be more ready to use the language of every-day life, avoiding those huge, fat, heavy terms so dear to the hearts of philosophers and theologians.

The twelve men were strong in their individuality. They show none of that smooth monotony so often apparent where things like clothes-pins, hens' eggs, or bananas are counted off by the dozen. The twelve men followed the same Lord, but each one upon his own two feet, with his own particular gait and style.

The twelve men, as we follow their movements, never give us the impression of a well-drilled, finely uniformed company of angels. They do not suggest for a moment the well-cast colossal statues of themselves found under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. There is something fresh and almost racy in the accounts we have of their action. They are twelve live men out of whom even the weight of an incomparable training had not pressed the

wrinkles of sharply defined personality. They followed the Master not in a weak, servile, monotonous imitation of the letter—they followed Him in the fine spontaneous freedom of the Spirit.

It was a small group—only a dozen of them—yet how clearly they reveal the wide, inclusive hospitality of the kingdom of God on earth. Somewhere within the fellowship and service of the Son of Man, there is ample room for "all sorts and conditions of men." If, by these snap-shots of "Twelve Types" of Christian life, I can bring out that fact more fully for any one who may chance to turn these pages, I shall be content.

CHAS. R. BROWN

Yale University,
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THESE TWELVE

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I

PETER: THE MAN OF IMPULSE

"THERE is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars, and one star differeth from another star in glory." All glorious, yet all different!

So also is the kingdom of God! Men differ in temperament, in training, in fitness for the various tasks which are laid upon them. Divine grace is not a steam-roller which irons all the wrinkles and individuality out of people. What a dull place heaven would be if all the saints were just alike! We would not want to go! Give us variety or give us death! When the sun shines through a stained-glass window, it does not make all the colors in it exactly alike. It brings out more fully the loveliness of each one of those various shades. So divine grace brings out in a

finer way the personal traits in every life.

Here was a man whose name stands first in every list of the apostles! "Now the names of the twelve Apostles are these, Peter, James and John, Andrew, Philip, Thomas," and all the rest. His name stood always at the head of the column. He was no modest, shrinking petunia, blossoming in the back yard or wasting his fragrance on the desert air. He was out on the front porch talking, acting, taking the lead. He was constantly forging ahead into public notice. He was heard as well as seen.

He was a man of impulse, a rushing, impetuous type of man, like a mountain stream hurrying over the rocks on its way to the valley below. He was made up in such a way that the connections between his feelings and his will were close. He was quick on the trigger. His reactions came in spurts. The moment he felt an impulse, he was on his feet suiting his action to that mood. He moved first, and thought it over later.

Let me notice the strength of such a nature, and then its weakness, and then what the Lord can make of that sort of man!

First the strength of it! The man who can make up his mind and act promptly in business, in politics, in the presence of danger, while other men are still thinking it over and talking about it, has a certain advantage. He strikes always while the iron is hot.

Jesus saw this man with a net in his hands, fishing. He said to him,"Follow me and I will make you a fisher of men." Peter had been taking fish for the market; now he was summoned to "take men" for the service of God. The same skill and patience, the same ability to work underneath the surface in a realm unseen, would have value on this upper level of action.

The man of impulse did not say: "I will be glad to think it over. I will consider your offer and let you know in the course of ten days or two weeks." He decided then and there that he would do it. He forsook his net, leaving it there in the water, and followed Christ.

Peter was fishing on another occasion, without success. He had fished all night and had caught nothing. Just at daybreak Jesus stood on the shore calling out to the seven men in the boat: "Have

you caught anything? Have you any meat?"

The other disciples recognized his voice and they said to one another, "It is the Lord." Then they began to talk about how good it was that the Lord had come to them just at that time when they were all discouraged. Peter did not wait to make any remarks. He girt his fisher's coat about him and jumped overboard and swam ashore to be the first to greet his Lord.

The water in that lake is cold in the early spring —and this was at Easter time. I swam once in the Sea of Galilee in the month of March, and the water was like that in the Golden Gate at San Francisco. No matter—Peter was in a hurry to greet his Master and a cold plunge was nothing!

When Jesus was at Cæsarea Philippi, he wondered how men were regarding his ministry. "Whom do men say that, I am?" he said to his disciples.

The disciples answered that there was a wide difference of opinion on that point. Some said that he was John the Baptist risen from the dead; some said Elijah come to life again; others said Jeremiah, or one of the prophets.

"But *ye*, whom say *ye* that I am." Well, they had not quite decided yet, all of them! Some of them felt that it might be six of one and half a dozen of the other,—fifty-fifty perhaps, whether he was John the Baptist or Elijah, or somebody else.

Not so this man of impulse! Peter burst out, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." He knew what he believed and why he believed it—flesh and blood had not revealed it to him, but an inward experience of divine help. He was ready then and there to stake his all upon the claim that Jesus was the Saviour of the world. His mind was quite made up and he stood ready to act.

There came a day when the Master was speaking about forgiveness. "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone. If he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. Forgive as you would be forgiven! If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you your trespasses. The sins you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven."

Then Peter burst out: "Lord, how often? How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times?"

It was a fairly liberal offer. How many men are in the habit of forgiving those who wrong them "seven times?" Do they not frequently cut them off at the second or third offense?

Jesus, however, suggested a still higher standard of forgiveness. "Until seventy times seven!" Peter accepted it, apparently—and I doubt not but that this warm-hearted, impulsive man would have forgiven any one who had wronged him seventy times seven if the man had asked it. He had that quality of mercy which is twice blessed—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. He did pray for mercy, and that same prayer taught him the need of showing mercy.

In these days when so many people "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories" of their doubts and their difficulties, it is refreshing to find a man who knew his own mind. When so many people are forever weighing this against that, and finding it hard to decide where the truth does lie, there is something stimulating about the example of this man who was ready to act. Many of our modern

problems are so vast, so intricate, so baffling, that we could sit down and talk about them until the Day of Doom without getting anywhere. Hundreds of people are sitting down with their laps full of difficulties taking it all out in looking helpless.

The time comes for men to get on their feet and do something about it. Do it! Do it now! Do it as well as you can, and the chances are that, in the light of that achievement, you will see what to do next. "Wisdom," some one said, "is knowing what to do next, skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it."

Not every one that talketh endlessly about it, but he that doeth the will of the Father shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Jesus saw those two men fishing. He said to them, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." "Straightway they forsook their nets and followed." "Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." Thank God for the Peters of the world, who do not stand forever shivering on the brink—they plunge in.

In the second place, notice the weakness of the man. When one is carrying a pan of water and it slops over on one side, his hasty action in changing the level usually causes it to slop over on the other side. So is the man of impulse! He spills out in one direction, and then a moment later, in a hasty reaction, he slops over in the opposite direction.

Here was Peter when he first met the Master, saying to him, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He felt that he was not good enough to be in the same boat where Christ was. Then a little later we find him clinging closer than all the rest. When some of the disciples "turned back and walked no more with Him," Jesus said to those who remained, "Will ye also go away?" Peter spoke right up: "Lord, to whom shall we go! Thou hast the words of eternal life." He insisted that he was in it to stay.

When Jesus celebrated the Last Supper with his disciples, He took a towel and a basin of water and washed their feet. They had been disputing on their way to the supper as to which one should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Jesus

could not say to a group of men filled to the eyes with pride and selfish ambition: "This is my body which is broken for you. Feed upon me in your hearts by faith and be thankful. Love one another as I have loved you." The words would have stuck in his throat. He must first wash the dust from their feet and wash the conceit out of their minds.

When he came to Peter, the man drew back. "Never!" he said. "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Then at a word from Christ, he melted down into a desire for a still closer intimacy. "Lord, not my feet only, but my hands and my head!" He wanted a regular bath.

That same night, there was a tragic scene in the life of this impulsive man. When Jesus saw arrest and crucifixion awaiting him there in the dark, he told his disciples that, in all probability, they would forsake him. Peter felt very sure of himself. "Though all men should forsake thee, I never will."

But what a sorry showing the man made before the cock crew! He was standing at the fire warming himself after Jesus had been arrested. People

were discussing the matter and a servant-girl said, pointing to Peter: "Here is one of them! He is a follower of the Galilean." Peter replied, "I never knew him."

His accent, however, was Galilean and a man remarked, "His speech betrayeth him—he is one of them." Again Peter denied, "I tell you, I never knew him."

Then a number of people said all at once, "We have seen this man following Him." Then there came an ugly oath and the third denial of his Lord. Jesus heard the oath "and he turned and looked at Peter." Not a word of reproach, but a look of infinite disappointment! The look was all there was, but it was enough and to spare. This impulsive man broke down and cried like a child—"he went out and wept bitterly."

What a strange combination of courage and cowardice, of rugged strength and instability! It goes with the impulsive temperament. Such men are always striking twelve either in some high noon of glorious action or in some midnight of dismal failure. It is never nine o'clock in the

morning or three o'clock in the afternoon with them—they are at one extreme or the other. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Take them at high tide, and you may count on something splendid. Omitted, all the voyage of those lives may be bound in shallows and in miseries. The ebb-tide brings defeat.

We have to take people as we find them, the rough with the smooth. It has not pleased God to make them all alike. One glory of the sun and another glory of the moon—and the moon is not always full, a glorious round disk of silvery light. There are times when the moon is dark.

Your own boy may be as impulsive as Peter was. You need not break your heart over him nor worry the life out of him because he is not like Philip the Prudent, or John Stuart Mill, or Calvin Coolidge. The President of the United States is about as impulsive as the Washington Monument. Take the boy as you find him, watching with patient sympathy the weakness which goes with that impulsive nature, but rejoicing openly in the strength and promise of it when it is directed aright!

There is steam in that boiler—any amount of it, rightly controlled, it will show splendid results.

Here is another instance of Peter's fickleness! When he went forth to preach the gospel, he had a vision. He saw a lot of four-footed beasts and fowls and creeping things. He heard a voice saying, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat."

He answered, "No! I never have! I never have eaten anything common or unclean."

Then the voice came again, "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common." And when Peter came to think upon his vision, he realized that this wiping out of artificial distinctions between the various animals, whose flesh is good for food, would apply also to men. Jews or Gentiles, Barbarians or Scythians, bond or free, he was not to call any man common or unclean on the ground of race difference. This was a big, long step ahead to be taken by a man who had been brought up in a narrow creed.

Peter took that step. When Cornelius, a Roman centurion, asked him to come to his house, Peter went. He stood there in the home of that Roman

official saying: "Ye know that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to come unto one of another nation. But God hath shown me that I should not call any man common or unclean. God is no respecter of persons, for in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. Therefore I came as soon as I was sent for."

This was good, broad, Christian doctrine, and Peter was ready at that time to act upon it. When the Holy Spirit came upon those who heard his words, he baptized them as Christians. At Antioch also, Peter ate with Gentile Christians and gave them the right hand of fellowship.

But when some of the stricter party (Fundamentalists, they were) came down from Jerusalem, they told Peter that he was letting down the bars altogether too fast. Then he drew back. He would not associate with Gentile Christians any more.

Paul, the Apostle of Christian liberty, at once rebuked him. "I withstood him to his face," he said, "I straightened him out, because he was to be blamed." That was the weakness of this im-

pulsive man, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, but always eager and intense. He had all the virtues and all the faults of that impulsive temperament.

In the third place, what use did the Lord make of such a man? He did not make light of his limitations—he knew what was in man. But he did not refuse to enroll him as an Apostle because he was fickle. He set before him an open door into those very qualities which he lacked. He gave him a new name to live up to. His name had been Simon; Jesus said to him, "Thou shalt be called Peter"—*petros*, a rock, the same root as our word "petrify." Every time Jesus spoke to him after that he called him "my rock." The neighbors laughed at first. "Have you heard what Jesus is calling Simon? A rock! Not much Gibraltar about him!"

When Jesus gave Simon that new name, He was walking by faith and not by sight. He was looking to the future rather than to the past. "Forgetting the things that were behind and reaching for the things which were ahead," He pushed

Simon along toward the mark of the high calling of God in steadfastness of life.

He was thinking not of what the man had been, but of what he could be. "Simon," he would say, "you are a rock"—or as we might say in our familiar phrase, "you are a brick." "Live up to it. Develop that stability which will make your name and your nature match."

It was a steady challenge to this fickle soul to do its best. It put stamina and backbone into him. The moral gristle of his uncertain nature was moving up permanently into the vertebrate class. "Thou art Peter," petros, a rock, "and on this rock I will build my church."

There is an angel standing in every block of marble, rough hewn though it comes from the quarry. Send for the sculptor that he may bring it out. There is a rock of strength in any fickle, impulsive nature—send for the Saviour that he may bring it out. Send for the Supreme Artist who can change us all into his own likeness and image. It takes the hand that was pierced to carve the divine image upon any life, but his grace is sufficient, if men will only have it so. God

deals with them all, not in terms of what they are, but in terms of that which He sees it is possible for them to become.

We are not to blink the faults of this impulsive man. He ran away like a moral coward when Jesus was arrested and had to face the cross. He was laughed out of his Christian faith by a servant-girl when he stood that night by the fire warming himself. He denied the Lord who loved him, three times over, with an angry oath. What sort of a man was he, one might say, to be placed at the head of the list of the Twelve Apostles? When the hard tests came he showed himself a coward and a quitter.

But read on! Read on—we have not come to the end of the chapter yet! "Now when the day of Pentecost was fully come, Peter standing with the eleven said, 'Ye men of Judea, Jesus of Nazareth was approved of God by the signs which he did. You took him with wicked hands and slew him. God has raised him up and exalted him to his own right hand as a Saviour. Now therefore repent and be baptised, every one of you, into the

name of this Jesus for the remission of your sins. It is your only hope.' "

"And when the people saw the *boldness* of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Somehow the two men had caught the spirit of that matchless life. There was a certain quality in them which was Christlike. And when the Jewish officials urged them not to speak any further in the name of Christ, Peter flatly refused to be bound by their command. "We ought to obey God rather than men." He was carrying on—he was showing himself indeed "Peter, a rock."

How much depends upon what you call a man! Many years ago, Mary A. Livermore undertook one night to give an address on Woman Suffrage on Boston Common. The idea was most unpopular at that time and she was speedily surrounded by a mob of rough men who had come to break up her meeting. Her friends were alarmed as to her personal safety and they urged her to withdraw.

But her heart was in her cause and she did not propose to be driven off. Her friends insisted that she was in danger—they said: "There are no police in sight! Who will protect you from this mob?"

"This gentleman," she replied, pointing to the roughest man in sight, the ringleader of the mob!

"This gentleman will protect me and see that I have a chance to be heard."

The "gentleman" did—he was as good as her word. He proceeded to put those men in their places, and the woman made her speech under the chivalrous protection of that man who a moment before had been yelling with the mob. When Jesus called Peter "a rock," it helped the man to move ahead at a rapid pace toward that moral stability which the new name denoted.

How likeable and promising oftentimes are these impulsive people! They are not coldly correct, icily regular, depressingly dull. You may not always know "just where to find them," for there is an element of surprise hidden away in their interiors. But they are interesting. There is nothing strange about the fact that with all the

faults and blunders which can be charged up against Peter, he is perhaps the best loved of all the Twelve.

We are glad that his name stands first on every list. We are glad that his name was given to the greatest church building in Christendom, St. Peter's at Rome. We are glad that on the inside of the massive dome of that church these words are inscribed in stately Latin, "Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build my church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

We would not give to those words the official interpretation placed upon them by the Roman church. But we do believe that upon first-hand knowledge of spiritual reality gained by personal experience of the divine help,—for flesh and blood had not revealed it unto Peter, but the Father who is in heaven,—upon that, God will build his church. Upon that personal experience of divine help which changes weakness into strength, God will establish that kingdom which is an everlasting kingdom.

There is a legend—it is only a legend—that

when Christians were being persecuted to the death in the city of Rome, Peter was there. And when he saw strong men being burned to death or thrown to the lions for their faith, it was too much for him. The impulse to save his skin was too strong for his principles, and he ran away to deny his Lord for the fourth time.

Just outside the walls of Rome, he met a man carrying a cross. Peter did not recognize him at first and he said to him in Latin, "Quo Vadis?" Where are you going?

The man replied sadly, "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." Then Peter knew him, and once more that finer impulse of Christian devotion laid hold of him. He turned around and went back to Rome to bear his testimony as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, cost what it might. He finally beat his music out, and when he had beaten it out, it was a Te Deum.

JAMES: THE MAN OF SILENCE

II

JAMES: THE MAN OF SILENCE

WHEN we study the movements of these twelve men who were the Master's intimates, we become speedily aware that there was an inner circle. There were privileges accorded and obligations imposed which were not for the Twelve —they were for the chosen Three. "He took with him Peter and James and John." How often we find those three names linked together in a chain of unusual experiences!

There came a day when Jesus was to enter the house of Jairus, a ruler of the Jews. He had been sent for as a healer. The daughter of Jairus was sick unto death. It was not clear that the Master would find an atmosphere of confidence or of friendliness in that fine home. He would feel there the chill of distrust and the cold hand of death. He wished to have with him three friends

of whose sympathy and coöperation he could be sure. He therefore "took with him Peter and James and John."

There came a day when he would stand on the Mount of Transfiguration, his face shining like the sun and his raiment white as light. His soul would be conscious of certain heavenly companionships. He would feel the presence of Moses and Elijah, as representatives of the law and the prophets. There would come a voice from the Unseen saying, "This is my beloved Son—hear him." He wanted his intimates to share in the privileges of that high hour "and he took with him Peter and James and John."

There was a dark night when he faced arrest and crucifixion, which came within a few hours. He went into the Garden of Gethsemane to pray. He prayed there until he sweat blood. His lips were saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," even when his heart was saying, "Not my will but thine be done!" He wanted three friends to watch with him for that one hour; and again "he took with him Peter and James and John."

Always the same three! Peter we can under-

stand—he was a born leader, an outstanding figure among the Twelve. John we can understand—he was a man of ardent temperament, a man of striking personality, a man sure to make a deep impression upon the life of the early church. But this man James was such a silent man. He was as modest and quiet as a nun at vespers. Why was he chosen as one of the sacred Three? How did he make his way into that inner circle?

We are not told a great deal about him. Aside from a few minor incidents, we are not told anything beyond the mere mention of his name in the lists of the Twelve and the references to the fact that he was one of that inner circle of Three. But if the men of science can from a single bone, preserved, it may be, as a fossil, tell us the shape, the size, and the habits of some extinct form of life, then we too, perhaps, may be able to learn something about this man from these somewhat scanty fossil remains of his character and influence.

Let me notice three things about James—what he said, what he did, and what he became!

First, what did he say? He said very little

which found its way into the record. His words, for some reason, were not sufficiently arresting to get into print—he was a silent man. He would have been the despair of our modern newspaper reporters keen on interviews and on human-interest stories. He would not have made "good copy."

The scholars are quite agreed that the letter which bears the name of "James" in the New Testament was not the work of "James, the son of Zebedee," one of the Twelve. It seems to have been written by some other "James" at a time when this James had already been put to death by Herod the King.

He was a quiet man—when Peter was talking, James was thinking. He was a quiet man like William the Silent, who did much, but said little. He was a quiet man like General Grant, whose deeds were great, but whose words were few. The men who knew Grant best had very little to tell about his conversation.

When General Grant met General Lee at Appomattox, he did, however, find words to say, "Let your men in the cavalry and in the artillery keep their horses—they will need them for the

spring plowing." When his own troops began to fire salvos of artillery over the victory which had been won, he did find words to stop it. "Let us have peace," he said; "we are all citizens now of the same country." How potent oftentimes are the words of those quiet men who do not indulge in ceaseless chatter!

James had been a fisherman in his early life. He and his brother John were fishing, Matthew says, when Jesus first called them to be his disciples. Luke adds that they were "partners with Simon." It may be that their partnership in the business of fishing had something to do with that more intimate association of the three men, Peter and James and John, when they came to be numbered with the Twelve.

James had been a fisherman. Was that where he learned to keep still? The number of fish in one's basket at the end of the day usually varies inversely according to the square of the amount of talk that he has handed out to the stream. James had learned the value of silence and of thoughtful patience when he fished the waters of Galilee.

Now he follows that same general method when he becomes a fisher of men. Not every one who says "Lord, Lord," in the loudest tones or the greatest number of times, but he that doeth the will of the Father, shall enter the kingdom of spiritual achievement.

James was no orator, as Brutus was, but as you know him all, a plain, blunt man who loved his friends. He counted Jesus of Nazareth the best friend he had, and he was ready at any hour, day or night, to show his loyalty to Christ not by words, but by deeds.

Let Peter say, if he will: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God! Though all men should deny thee yet will not I!" Let Thomas say, if he may, when Jesus steadfastly sets his face to go to Jerusalem in time of peril, "Let us go too that we may die with him!" This quiet man may not say anything, but he will stand up and go.

He knew full well that we climb the steep ascent of heaven not by talking about it. "We climb the steep ascent of heaven through peril, toil, and pain." James was the first man of the Twelve to seal his loyalty to Christ in his own blood.

Heaven be praised for the help of silent people in times of sorrow! When we read those last words in the prologue of the drama of Job, we think always of what might have been. Here was a rich man suddenly stripped of all his property by a series of calamities! His ten children—seven sons and three daughters—were all killed in a cyclone when they were feasting together in their eldest brother's house. His own health was destroyed by some malignant disease which covered him with sores from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. His own wife turned away from him in the hour of his pain with words of bitterness and contempt. He sat down on the ash heap outside the city wall and cried out: "Oh that my grief was laid in the balance and weighed! It would be heavier than the sand of the sea."

Then silently across the desert in the darkness of the night, there came three men from a far country. "When Job's three friends heard of all that had befallen him, they came every one from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, Zophar the Naamathite, for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him

and to comfort him. But when they lifted up their eyes afar off and saw him, they knew him not. They rent their garments, sprinkled dust upon their heads, and lifted up their voices and wept. Then they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

The tender, silent sympathy of true friends, a solid week of it! How wonderful it was! If they had only kept it up, those three men would have made themselves immortal. It was only when they got their mouths open and began to talk that they ruined their reputations for all time. They poured out upon that sufferer such a stream of hard, unfeeling, theological discussion that any man who reads their words feels almost ready to swear. Thank God for those true friends who can draw near in the hour of grief, and feel and understand and keep still!

We are beginning to see why Jesus wanted this silent man in the inner circle. When he stood at the top of the Mount of Transfiguration, when he entered the death-chamber in the house of Jairus, when he moved down into the darkness of Gethsem-

ane, he wanted to have near him this silent man whose heart was warm, whose eyes were full of sympathy, but whose lips were silent. "He took with him Peter and James and John!" The office of James, the man of silence, was honorable and precious.

In the second place, what did he do? He did some things which were not to his credit. We need not be surprised. How many of us have never done anything which was to our discredit? Don't all speak at once! It will be more impressive if we take turns! We have all done things which we ought not to have done and have left undone things which we could have done. We have all erred and strayed from the way like lost sheep. Let us be humbly grateful that some good influence has brought us back!

This man who was one of the Twelve stood ready to burn up a Samaritan village when it refused entertainment over night to his Master because he was a Jew. "Shall we call down fire?" James and John said.

James was one of the two who asked for the best

places in the kingdom which they believed Jesus was about to set up at Jerusalem. James and John made the request that they might sit, one on the right hand and the other on the left of their Lord in his kingdom. It was asking a good deal.

In both cases, however, there is something to be said by way of excuse. This man who said little felt deeply, as such people often do. He could not bear the thought of having an insult offered to his Master by those Samaritans in Gopher Prairie. "Unwilling to have him sleep in your town because he is a Jew?" He was ready to burn up the place, even though the men of that small town might turn around and burn him up before morning. When the Master explained that he had not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them, James went along with him to another village which would receive them. He was young then in his Christian life. We never read of another such an outburst of temper.

His desire to take a prominent place in the Master's kingdom may not have been all selfish ambition. In the setting up of that kingdom, the right hand of the leader in such a revolt would be

a place of danger as well as of honor. When the request was made Jesus reminded them of that fact. Had they counted the cost? "Can ye drink the cup that I drink and be baptized with my baptism?"

"We can," they said. They had counted the cost. They were ready to pay the price of preferment even at the peril of their lives by standing close to Him in the setting up of that new kingdom. We shall see later that when the hour struck, James did drink the cup of suffering to the very dregs.

This quiet man did not say much, but he had certain convictions which he was ready to stand up and be cut in two for, if need be. When the time came, he did stand up and he was cut in two for being a Christian. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

He was there at Jerusalem when there came the bitter persecution of the early church. He was a leader among the Jewish Christians. He was undoubtedly present when Stephen was arrested and taken before the high priest to be tried for

speaking in the name of Christ. James saw the man standing there with "his face like the face of an angel" and his lips uttering such words that even his enemies could not gainsay them. "They could not resist the spirit and the wisdom by which he spake." The sound sense of it and the spiritual tone of it were too much for them. They could not answer him—they could only howl their opposition and throw stones.

This quiet man saw them take Stephen out and stone him to death, even while he was looking up and saying: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Stephen had been with Jesus and had learned from him how to live and how to die. How well his own words in that dread hour matched up with the words of Christ upon the cross! "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do! Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

Picture the effect of all this upon that quiet man! He was thinking while others were talking, and it entered like iron into his soul. Ten years later there came another storm of persecution. Stephen had been put to death by the high priest and the

Jewish church. James was now taken in hand by Herod the King and the politicians.

These men saw that this quiet man was a fearless leader of that sect of Nazarenes whom they hated and feared. They were afraid of him because their purposes were evil, while he steadfastly set his face towards righteousness. They felt that it would be better to have him out of the way. Therefore "Herod the King killed James, the brother of John, with the sword."

This is the simple, direct statement in the Book of Acts. No heroics; no exclamation points! Just the stern recital of the grim fact! "Can ye drink the cup that I drink?" Jesus had asked them years before. James and John replied without a moment's hesitation, "We can." Here was James drinking it—"Herod the King put James the brother of John to death with the sword." That is what he did.

We saw him when he was one of three, admitted to that inner circle of high privilege and of weighty responsibility. We saw him when he was one of two, indignantly resenting the rudeness shown to his Master and offering to stand close up in the

peril as well as in the honor of the setting up of a new kingdom. Now we see him when he had to stand alone—Peter was not there nor John. James, the quiet man, had to tread the wine-press alone—and he did not flinch. He was a Christian, and because he was an outstanding Christian leader, Herod the King put him to death.

We are grateful that here in this broad land in this Twentieth Century no man is called upon to lay down his life for his Christian principles. No one wants to kill me or to kill you because we are Christians. No one will harm a hair of our heads because we exalt the name of Jesus above every name and stand ready to follow him.

But the enemies of Christ have other weapons which are not made of steel. The sneers at religion, which chill the ardor of young Christians, making them unwilling to show their colors! The flippant, godless attitude against which many good people are too weak to utter their protest! The easy-going paganism of modern life, which eats out the moral fiber and makes a man like a spiritual jellyfish! The unwillingness to stand up and be counted on the side which we know to be right, sim-

ply because there are so many thoughtless, empty-headed people on the other side! All this is Herod putting to death in our own day the best that life holds! Can we drink the cup that is being put in our hands! If any man would be his disciple, let him deny himself and take up his own cross and follow. That is what the quiet man did—he rose up and followed Him to the death.

The days in which we live are shot through with the spirit of haste. Every one is in a hurry. The man of the hour is the man out of breath. The quick lunch and the short story, the sharp ring at the telephone and the swift flight of the automobile—all these are thoroughly characteristic of the life we live. Half of the people you meet are just in the act of leaving something half done in order to rush ahead to tackle something else which in turn will be left half done. All the more need, then, that every restless, inefficient soul should learn the meaning of that great word of the Lord: "In quietness and confidence shall be my strength! Be still and know that he is God! The Lord of Hosts is with us! The Eternal is our refuge!"

In the third place, what did this man become? His words were few, his deeds were not dramatic, like some of those attributed to Peter. But he became a Christian, a great, big one, strong, fine, true in his devotion to Christ. He had religion, not at his tongue's end, as a thing to be talked about. He had religion, not at his finger-tips as a set of ceremonies to be gracefully performed. He had religion in his heart, as a life to be lived. He knew the deep, sweet joy of personal fellowship between his own finite spirit and the Infinite Spirit of Him who is the God and Father of us all. And that is the very essence of religion. He was quiet —he took the back seat, but by the quality of his life, he made it a place of honor.

The strongest impress upon any community is made always by the man who lives it. Several years ago in Newark, New Jersey, we are told that all the churches in the city, Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew, united in prayer for the life of one man who was sick. His name was Royal Whitenack, and he was a physician. When he was a young man, engaged in the practice of medicine,

he had lost his only son. He decided then and there to give his life to the study and treatment of children's diseases. He became a well-known specialist in that field. The records show that over seven thousand homes had felt the healing touch of his hand.

He was attacked by an infection from the body of a sick child he had been treating. He was desperately ill, and a score of the best physicians in Greater New York were called in consultation with the hope of saving his life. Dozens of people offered their blood for transfusion. Women came to the hospital where he was sick and knelt on the pavement outside to pray for his recovery. One of them would whisper to another, "He saved my baby." The answer would come back, "Mine too —cannot we do something to save him?"

He passed away, and the last words upon his lips were words of sympathy for the children who were sick. "My little patients," he murmured. "what about them!" He too by his unselfish life of service had been saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." And he took them up

in his arms and put his hands on them and healed them. He lived it—and that is the final test of religious faith.

When we sense the fine quality of this quiet man whose name was James, we know full well why he was chosen for that inner circle of three. The Master felt stronger to do the will of Him that sent Him and to finish his work, because of the presence of this man of silence.

When the tide in the harbor at New York is full and strong, the Hudson River feels it, we are told, clear up to Albany. If the Hudson were a swift, hurrying stream, it would not be so. But the current of that river is calm and tranquil. When the tide is flowing in from the mighty Atlantic, the river waits to receive that influx from the sea. So the life which learns to wait upon God for the renewal of its strength, knows the day of opportunity. It waits also in silent expectation for that influx from above which shall make it full and rich and glad.

When the storm breaks, the lightning strikes the tallest trees, the church spires, and the highest

buildings in the town. When that second storm of persecution broke upon the early church at Jerusalem, this outstanding figure of James, a leader among those who were called "Nazarenes" was marked for destruction. He was arrested and tried and condemned to death. "Herod the King killed James, the brother of John, with the sword."

There is a legend recorded by Eusebius, one of the great church fathers, regarding the martyrdom of James. A well-known man had denounced him to the civil authorities as the ringleader in a pestilent sect. When James was brought up for trial, this man was there to testify against him. But he was so impressed with the prisoner's quiet courage, with his self-restraint in the presence of his enemies, and with his beautiful devotion to his Lord, that he was overwhelmed with remorse. He became a Christian himself and asked that he might be baptized by James before he suffered.

The man was received into the fellowship of the little church. Then, having become a Christian, this man also was tried and condemned to

die. When the two of them were being led out to the place of execution at the command of Herod, the man who had been a witness against James begged his forgiveness for the wrong he had done. Then the quiet man kissed him on both cheeks, after the manner of the East, and said to him in stately Latin, "Pax vobiscum!" "Peace be with you."

The two men, the forgiven and the forgiving, passed out together into the unseen world. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

JOHN: THE MAN OF TEMPER

III

JOHN: THE MAN OF TEMPER

"THERE was a man sent from God whose name was John." There have been many such men—he was the first of a long line of noted religious leaders. John the Baptist and John the "Beloved Disciple," John Chrysostom, John Huss and John Wyckliffe, John Calvin, John Knox and John Wesley, John Milton and John Bunyan! They were all men sent from God and each one bore the name of John. How well the world knows that name! More babies have been named for St. John than for any other saint or sinner in the whole history of the race.

The name is common now and it seems to have been common also in the first century. It is not the general belief of scholars to-day that a single man, whose name was John, was the "Beloved Disciple" and the author of the Fourth Gospel, the

writer of the three letters ascribed to "John" and the author of the book of Revelation which stands last in our Bible. It is commonly believed that there were at least three different Johns who had a part in all that. The reasons for that belief of New Testament scholars are too many and too intricate to be of general interest.

I would go one step farther—I would say that there were at least three different Johns in this one man whose character and conduct I wish to study with you here. First, there is the John of legend and of art, who has been portrayed as a mystic, quiet and modest, gentle and tender. He has been made almost effeminate—a kind of companion-piece to Mary the Mother of our Lord. His face and his heart have been made to appear as fine and as soft as the face and the heart of a woman. The artists have painted him almost uniformly without beard and with a delicacy of feature quite out of drawing for a really masculine disposition.

This you might say is the conventional John,

the John of the stained-glass windows and of the art galleries, the John of religious poetry and of polite society. And this whole portrayal, in my judgment, goes wide of the mark. It shows us an apostle who might have been, but who never was.

In the second place, there is the real John of the Four Gospels. Here is another type of man altogether! He and his brother were called by their associates "Boanerges, the sons of Thunder." There was something powerful, electric, startling about him. He was a child of the storm.

There were times when he was hot and terrible in his outbursts of feeling. When the weather was sultry, his blood boiled—in his early life it boiled at least once a week. There were days when he roared and was troubled. He could upon occasion show himself a whirlwind of enthusiasm or a tornado of wrath. He did just that repeatedly. So far from being a placid, passive, milk-and-water sort of man, he was a man of violent temper.

Read the record—here are the facts! Jesus and His disciples were once on their way to Jerusalem. It came to pass that they entered just at nightfall into a village of Samaritans. These Samaritans refused him entertainment overnight "because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem." He was a Jew, and the Jews had no dealings with Samaritans. The Samaritans would not allow him to sleep in their town overnight because he was a Jew.

When James and John saw this bit of rudeness, they said: "Shall we call down fire? Shall we call down fire from heaven and burn them up, as Elijah did?" They had Scripture for it—"as Elijah did." There was the Old Testament precedent for such action. This man of temper was ready to burn up a whole town because it offered an affront to his Master in refusing him entertainment overnight.

Jesus rebuked him— "Ye know not what spirit ye are of! The Son of Man has not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." And so they went on to another village which would receive them.

His quick, hot temper and his fierce loyalty to his Master sometimes made John narrow and intolerant. There came a day when he saw a man going about doing good. The man was casting out devils. He was casting them out in the name and by the power of Christ. He was making men better by the message he brought and by the wholesome influence of his own spirit.

But John rebuked him. "Stop it," he said. And he was rather pleased with himself over that performance. He reported his action to Jesus: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we rebuked him because he followed not with us." The man was doing good in the name of Christ, but he did not belong to their sect—"he followed not with us." "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity" in certain quarters!

Then Jesus rebuked John. "Forbid him not—he that is not against us is for us." It is not by the narrow, partisan, intolerant spirit that the kingdom of heaven comes, or that the will of God is done on earth. The label on the bottle is of much less importance than the nature of the contents.

John was for all the world like that bigoted clergyman in modern times who made this remark to a brother minister. The two of them did not belong to the same church, but they had been working together in some common cause. When the end had been achieved, one of them said to the other, "After all, our differences are much less important than our agreements. We are both working for the same great end."

"Yes," the first man replied, "we are both doing the Lord's work, you in your way and I in His." "We rebuked him because he followed not with us"—when John said that, how much he had yet to learn about the Christian method of making the world better!

This man John was not conspicuous in his early life for modesty and humility. It was just the other way around. He showed an undue amount of self-esteem in his make-up. He was accustomed to think of himself quite as highly as he ought to have thought. He had enough conceit for a dozen young men. He held his head high and showed

all the marks of selfish ambition. He wanted the best for himself.

Here it is in the record! It was commonly believed by all the disciples, in the early part of Christ's ministry, that he would speedily set up a visible kingdom at Jerusalem. He would organize a revolt against the Roman Empire and throw off the hated yoke. The Jews would be no longer men without a country. Even after He was risen from the dead, some of the disciples were still saying, "Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?"

It was hard for them to get that idea of a political Messiah and a temporal kingdom out of their heads, even as it is difficult to-day for the Pope at Rome to divest himself of the notion that he has some kind of temporal authority over Italy and over the whole Christian world besides. How long it takes for some churchmen to learn the meaning of Christ's own word, "My kingdom is not of this world—if it were, my servants would fight."

Now when this temporal kingdom should be set

up at Jerusalem the twelve Apostles felt naturally that they would be preferred creditors, so to speak. They would surely be appointed to all the best offices. Why not? They stood close to the Master and they would naturally share directly in his honor. Two of the disciples, therefore, James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came to him and said, "Grant that we may sit one on thy right hand the other on thy left in thy kingdom." Even in the kingdom of heaven, they wanted to get in on the ground floor.

When Jesus raised the question as to their fitness for such high honor, there was no doubt in their minds on that score. "Can ye drink the cup that I drink," he said, "and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They replied promptly, "We can." We are fit.

John was one of those two men. Alas, for the stained-glass windows and the religious poetry and his whole reputation as a modest, gentle, self-effacing type! He was indeed "a son of thunder," a man of quick, hot temper and of strong, resolute ambition.

Many people think of John as the author of the Fourth Gospel. If he did write it, or if it expresses his point of view, how strange it is that over and over it speaks of him as "that disciple whom Jesus loved." This expression is not found in any of the other three gospels. There is never a hint in Matthew, Mark, or Luke that Jesus loved any one of the Twelve more than another. It would not have been the act of a modest man to refer to himself as "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

More than that, in this Fourth Gospel no mention is made of the fact that John wanted to burn up a whole town of Samaritans or that he rebuked a man who was casting out devils in the name of Christ because he followed not with them. No mention is made of the fact that he asked to sit on the right hand of Christ in his kingdom or that he went to sleep in the Garden of Gethsemane that night when Jesus had asked three of the disciples, Peter, James, and John, to watch with Him for one hour. All of these slips in conduct are recorded in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, but they are carefully omitted from the Fourth Gospel. If the contents of

that Gospel are due in any way to John's influence, then these omissions and the presence of that reference to "the disciple whom Jesus loved" are significant.

Here he was, then, in his early Christian life as the Gospel record portrays him! The men who wrote the Bible were honest men—they were not dealing in cunningly devised fables. They drew the thing as they saw it, for the God of things as they are. Here was their associate, a son of thunder, electric and powerful, a child of the storm! Here he was, a man of temper, liable to quick and hot resentment, capable of being intolerant and vindictive! He was a man of swift and high ambition. He stood at a long remove from that gentle, quiet nature so oft displayed in the famous pictures of the art galleries and in conventional religious poetry. In those earlier years he showed much more of Theodore Roosevelt than he did of Francis of Assisi.

But there was a third John, the John of later years, when divine grace had done its work. Here we have another sort of man altogether, one

who shows the results of consecration, devotion, and intimate fellowship with Christ.

"Now are we the sons of God," we are told in that first letter which is ascribed to him. "Now are we the sons of God"—that we know. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." We are facing a future of undeclared possibilities. We are going out like Abraham of old, not knowing whither we go nor how far.

It is often so! The man who goes the farthest is frequently the man who does not know exactly where he is going. If he is only going across the street or into the next town to buy and sell and make gain, then he knows all about it. He is not going very far. The man who has entered upon a spiritual quest, intent upon character and service, is in pursuit of a flying goal, and he does not know just where it may lead.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when He shall appear, we shall see him as He is and be like him." This man of temper lived to see him as He is and at last to be like him.

In the first year of his Christian life he made bold to ask for place and position for himself

—he wanted to sit at the right hand of power. As time went on, his boldness found its consecration to higher ends. When Jesus was betrayed into the hands of his enemies and brought before Pilate and before the high priest, John followed him, not afar off. He followed him even into the palace of the high priest to see if by any chance he could render a service to the One he loved. It showed splendid courage when the whole city was filled with those who were ready to crucify the Lord.

When that lame man was healed at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, Peter and John were arrested and brought before the high priest. They were arrested because they had been speaking to the people about the power of Christ to heal and to save. The rulers strongly urged them not to speak again in the name of Christ, but they showed the same splendid courage and went right on with the deliverance of their message. "When the rulers saw the boldness of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." The two men had caught the spirit of that undaunted life and

were ready to go all lengths in their devotion to him. How splendidly this man John is coming on!

There is a legend that under John's ministry, a young man was converted who had been the ringleader in a band of robbers. For a time this new convert showed great zeal in his Christian life. But his love grew cold, he fell into evil ways, and finally went back to the camp of the brigands and became again a robber.

When word was brought to John of the young man's moral lapse, he did not sit down and cry about it. He did not, after the manner of some, talk to his friends about the fact that "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." He went right out into the mountains and searched out that brigands' camp. He found the young man, reasoned with him, entreated him, prayed with him, and finally brought him back to a life of righteousness as a moral trophy of his own heroic affection. A weak, sentimental type of man does not go to a camp of brigands to rescue another from a life of evil-doing. John was a good shepherd—even at the peril of his life, he left the

ninety and nine who were no longer in need of repentance and went after the one that was lost until he found it and brought it back on his shoulders rejoicing.

When a man shows himself capable of unselfish action like that, we can forgive him for having a quick, hot temper which for an hour may incline him to burn up a whole town. The Master was not afraid of those ardent natures which do sometimes go to extremes—He enrolled one of them with the twelve apostles. Strong feeling where it is "the hot end of a good thought" is a genuine asset. Jesus was much more afraid of those wishy-washy, hesitating people who are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He despaired most of all of those lukewarm people who are neither hot nor cold. "I would thou were cold or hot," he said; "but because thou art lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth." This man John was never lukewarm.

There was a famous English lord who once said, "If we must have a religion, let us have one that is cool and comfortable." That was not

the religion of John—nor of Jesus. It was more like the religion of that dutiful son described in one of Charles Reade's novels: "He paid his mother a regular allowance with all the affection of clockwork." It was a chilly, mechanical sort of devotion. The Pharisee did his duty with all the enthusiasm of clockwork. He paid his score to the last penny oftentimes—he fasted twice in the week and gave tithes of all that he possessed. But it never could have been said of him that his sins were forgiven because he loved much.

You can steer a ship that is moving, every part of it brought under the power of some impelling force. If it is headed wrong, it can be brought about. You can not do anything with a ship that is drifting—it lies in the trough of the sea, beaten and tossed.

God can do almost anything with a man of strong purpose. If that purpose is wrong, it can be changed—he too can be brought about. It is almost impossible to do anything with those human derelicts which are drifting along, waiting to see what will happen to them here and hereafter. David Starr Jordan used to say to the

boys at Stanford University, "The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going." This son of thunder, this man of temper and of resolute ambition, knew where he was going. He had it in him, in spite of all the crudity which he showed in early life, to become a great Christian leader. He was a man with a purpose.

It is the temper of the steel which renders it capable of taking the fine edge of a razor or of a surgical instrument. It is the temper of a man, his capacity for quick, hot resentment against evil, or for eager, joyous enthusiasm for righteousness, which makes possible for him character of the highest type.

You might almost say that the man who does not get mad occasionally does not get anywhere. There are situations where nothing but wrath is logical or praiseworthy. For all meanness and cruelty, for all greed and lust, the healthy moral nature feels an instant scorn as fierce and as clean as fire. The Master saw all this much more clearly than we do—He knew what was in man and needed not that any should tell him. And when he saw this high-strung nature whose name

was John, He saw there the making of a great saint.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
. . . . . .
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

There is another story about John which is better attested. During his last years, he lived in the city of Ephesus. He had grown old and feeble and was no longer able to speak from the pulpit of the church where he worshiped. But they carried him in every Sunday, and he sat there through the service with that light on his face which comes from neither land nor sea. At the end of the service the minister would ask him to say just a word to the people by way of bene-

diction. He would rise slowly, look down upon them with a benign smile and say, "Little children, love one another."

He always said that. When one of his friends asked him why he always said the same thing, he replied: "Because there is nothing more to be said. It is a final word. If we love one another, that is everything."

How it harks back to that word of the Master in the Fourth Gospel: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

How full of promise are those strong, warm, intense natures when they are brought under the power of Christ by willing surrender and glad consecration! They have in them such a wealth of potential goodness waiting for the divine call!

When Jesus hung upon the cross, He saw there among the witnesses of that tragedy, Mary his mother. She was crying, and at once his mind took thought for her future comfort. He turned his head and saw John also standing there with a look of infinite sympathy upon his strong, fine

face. Then addressing Mary, He said, "Woman, behold thy son! Son, thy mother!"

"And from that hour," the record says, "that disciple took her to his own home." The Lord committed her into the hands of love, even as He looked up in that same hour into the face of Infinite Love and said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Here then is my last word about this man of temper! It is taken from the letter which bears his name. "Let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth. He that loveth hath passed from death unto life; he is born of God; he knoweth God. And he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him, for God is love."

"For life with all it yields of joy and woe,
Of hope and pain, is just our chance of learning love!
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is."

ANDREW: THE MAN OF DECISION

IV

ANDREW: THE MAN OF DECISION

WE find here an Apostle who was known chiefly as the relative of a great man. "You know Andrew, Simon Peter's brother," men would say. He is introduced to us in just those words the first time he is mentioned in the Gospel record. "One of the two, who followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother."

It is not an unmixed advantage to shine with a reflected light. The moon has never ranked with the sun or the stars. Every tub must stand finally on its own bottom and not be forever borrowing stability from its relatives. It is all right for a small boy to have a big brother, but when he gets into the game he will have to make runs off of his own batting. In the last Presidential election the voters felt that they had altogether too much of "Brother Charles." "Let every man

bear his own burden, then he shall have rejoicing in himself and not in another." Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, had best not make too much of that relationship!

As a matter of fact, he never did! He was a quiet man but he earned his right to sit down with the twelve Apostles at the table of the Lord by the sheer strength of his own inner worth. He never preached a sermon which converted three thousand people in one day. We never hear of his jumping into the sea or of his cutting off anybody's ears. His famous brother did all that. But he listened and thought and made a clear-cut decision which would stand for all time. He was preëminently a man of decision.

He stood one day where the great forerunner, John the Baptist, was speaking. When the man of Galilee approached, John pointed to him and said, "Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." "One of the two who heard John speak was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother." He followed this Galilean. He saw a face; he heard a voice; he felt the impress of a spirit which was not of this world. When

the hour had passed, his mind was made up. "We have found the Messiah!" he said—and that experience molded his entire future. He was just the common garden variety of honest man, but he at once became a great Christian.

He did three things which were distinctive. First, he brought a man in every way abler than himself to Christ. "He first found his own brother Simon and brought him to Jesus." His first thought when he became a Christian was not for the slums or for the foreign field or for some stranger to whom he had never spoken in his life. He was the first "home missionary"—his first sense of responsibility was for his own brother.

It is easier oftentimes to talk to a man in China about the claims of Christian life than it is to talk to one's own brother or sister or son. Every year I receive letters from fathers and mothers who have sons at Yale asking me to interest myself in the Christian life of some boy. It is a joy to get those letters and to do anything that I can by putting myself in touch with the boys. But almost every one of those letters closes by

saying, "Do not let my son know that I have written you."

Why not? Why should not the boy know that those who stand so near him are more interested than anybody else on earth in his being a Christian? Andrew first found his own brother and brought him to Christ.

How much is implied in "bringing a man to Christ!" It is no perfunctory act, like persuading him to submit to certain forms or to pronounce certain theological shibboleths or to assume certain ecclesiastical relations.

Here was a high-school girl, who, by her drawings and sketches, revealed the fact that she had in her the making of an artist! Suppose that I, unable myself to draw or to paint, had brought her, we will say, to Sargent! Suppose that Sargent, in addition to his ability to spread pictures upon canvas, which hang in the great galleries, had had the time and the disposition to take pupils. Suppose that the very sight of the undeveloped ability in that high-school girl had caused his whole artistic nature to move out toward her in joyous welcome, and in readiness to aid her training!

How much it would have meant to "have brought her to Sargent!"

That is just what we mean by bringing any one to Christ! The whole promise of a character, a service, a destiny that will enable that person to outlast and outshine the stars, is contained in that transaction when he is brought into personal fellowship with Christ. How evil tendencies are overcome; how waywardness is corrected; how the impulses which are fine and true are confirmed, when we begin to live daily and hourly with Him! Men need not be "conformed" to the environment where they find themselves—that environment may be bad. They can be "transformed by the renewing of their minds." And that process of spiritual quickening, of moral transformation, of inward enrichment, goes on apace when we are brought to Christ.

"He brought him to Jesus"—it was the way the whole Christian movement began! Andrew found Christ, and then found his brother and brought him. Philip found the Messiah, and then found Nathaniel and brought him. One man feels sure that, in becoming a Christian, he has found the

secret of worthy, joyous, useful living. Then he persuades some other man to enter upon the same mode of life.

No ecclesiastical machinery in the modern evangelism, which proceeds often by wholesale methods, will compare for one moment in value with that sense of personal touch. The drag-net method, where people are herded in droves down the sawdust trail, may accomplish some good. But as Jesus said in his parable, "it takes the good and the bad." When the inevitable sorting-out takes place, the net result is disappointing. The hook-and-line method as contrasted with the drag-net, the personal touch of life upon life, intelligently and sympathetically winning men to the Christian life, is all to the good. In the Day of Judgment it will be remembered to his honor that Andrew brought a man much abler than himself to Christ.

In the second place Andrew discovered the hidden resources of a boy. There came a day when Jesus saw a great company of people in a desert place. They were hungry and they were without

food. He said to his disciples, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?"

One of them replied, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread would not be sufficient if every one took a little. Send them away that they may go into the villages and buy food."

But Jesus said, "They need not go away—give ye them to eat. How many loaves have you? Go and see."

Then Andrew, the man of decision, came to the front. He reported the presence of a boy with five loaves and two small fishes. Five biscuits and two sardines, we would put it in modern phrase! It was a boy's lunch. Andrew himself was not quite sure as to what could be done with such modest resources. But that was all the food there was in sight, and he brought the boy with his lunch-basket to Christ.

It turned out that the boy held the key to the whole situation. When his meager food-supply was placed unreservedly in the hands of Christ, the Master did wonders with it. He fed the whole crowd; and Andrew was the man who brought the boy to Christ.

"There is a lad here," Andrew said, without realizing how much he was saying. The boy at the center of any situation may easily be the most important factor there. To discover his possibilities and aid the Master in bringing them out is a task sufficient for any Apostle.

"There is a boy here," the father says, as he glances around the living-room in his own home. The very sight of that unfolding life, making itself even now a small copy of the father's life, causes him to feel that he ought to be a better man. His personal habits, his manner of speech, his attitude toward religion, his whole line of life, take on new meaning and a new sacredness when he sees that they are steadily registering a certain influence upon that growing boy. "There is a lad here," and if he can only bring that boy to Christ, how much it may mean!

"There is a boy here," the Sunday-school teacher says to herself, in preparing her lesson or in kneeling down to pray for Tom or Dick or Harry! When the boy is in Sunday-school he may be restless, thoughtless, mischievous. He often gets that way. Nevertheless, he may be a real Christian

leader in the making. Martin Luther and John Wesley, William Ewart Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson, were once restless boys, indifferent apparently, to all the higher values. That boy in Galilee, with his five biscuits and two sardines, has come down through the ages, encouraging multitudes of people to put their modest resources into the hands of Christ just to see what can be done. He never dreamed in those days of the rôle he was to fill in the advancing kingdom. And it was Andrew who brought him to Christ.

"There is a boy here," the minister says to himself many times when he stands in his pulpit. The boy may be wriggling around in his pew like some unhappy eel. Well and good! If the Lord had not intended that healthy boys should wriggle around, in church and everywhere else, he would have made them different in the first place. We are all glad that the boy is there. Come to think of it, forty years ago all these solid men who are now bishops and bank presidents, captains of industry and merchant princes, were wriggling around somewhere. If the minister and the choir and all the people present can, by their worshipful

attitude, take hold together and bring out the spiritual resources of that boy, the final result may astonish the world as much as did the use made of those five loaves and two small fishes on the shores of Galilee. This man Andrew was too level-headed to overlook the hidden possibilities in any boy's life.

How many of you know about the old Mt. Vernon Church in Boston? It stood on Ashburton Place, a little side street only a block long—it was not on the Avenue. One Sunday night the deacons met at the close of the service to talk with those who wished to unite with the church. There was a Christian business man standing in one of the aisles of the church that night who saw a thick-set young fellow looking about as if he were not quite sure. This man spoke to the boy pleasantly and asked him if he would not like to go in and meet the deacons. The young fellow had been hesitating, but this friendly interest decided him and in he went. He was somewhat confused when he met the deacons—he could not state very clearly just what he did think and feel, but he managed

to say that he wanted to live a Christian life.

When he went out, several of the deacons felt a little uncertain about propounding his name for membership in that fine old church, but they finally voted unanimously to do it. Dear old chaps! they are all dead now and somewhere up in heaven they must smile, if they know what followed. Some of them did know before they died. The boy was Dwight L. Moody, the greatest evangelist of the nineteenth century in the whole English-speaking world! He led thousands of people into Christian life on this side of the water and on that. He made his first public confession of Christ in that old Mt. Vernon Church. If that church on a modest side street had never done anything else except to discover the spiritual resources of that boy, it would have paid for itself for all time. And the words of that quiet, Andrew-like business man, who spoke to the boy that night, helped him to reach a decision.

In the third place, Andrew introduced a group of strangers to Christ. "There were certain Greeks who came up to Jerusalem to worship at the feast."

They had heard about this man of Galilee and they wanted to meet him. They came to Philip, whose name was Greek, and said to him, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

Philip was not sure at that time that the Hebrew Messiah was sent to all creation. Those Greeks were foreigners, and like some modern Christians who have not gotten into the spirit of it yet, Philip did not want his church to be too promiscuous. He did not give the Greeks any encouragement, but he told Andrew about it. "There are some foreigners out there," he said.

Andrew was a man of decision—he saw the promise of a world-wide movement in the coming of that bunch of Greeks. He knew that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation, the man who hungers after righteousness will be filled. He was ready even then for the Day of Pentecost, when Parthians, Medes, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Romans, would all be coming in. He looked ahead to the day when English, French, Germans and Italians, Americans, Chinese and Japanese, would all hear the word of God in their own tongues and

believe it and act upon it. He brought those Greeks to Christ at once. When Jesus saw them he was overjoyed. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth," He said, "will draw all men to me." "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold! Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one flock and one shepherd."

"Sir, we would see Jesus." That is what all the strangers say when they come to church—they say it by their presence in the place of worship. They are ready to listen to the minister and to the choir, but their hearts are saying all the while, "We would see Him." And that is what every church is for—to help people to know Him!

When these strangers come, the first person they meet is Andrew, the usher. He is there near the door to introduce them to the service. He is there to see that they are greeted and seated and put in a position to enjoy the worship of the hour. It is a high office to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord and to introduce strangers, as Andrew did, to the privileges of Christian worship.

In every church "the order of St. Andrew" is a

great deal larger than the body of ushers. All the men and women who belong to that church regard themselves as the hosts and hostesses of those strangers who come as the church's guests. The atmosphere of quiet, thoughtful friendliness which they create and maintain becomes a part of that welcome which is extended to all who come.

It ought to be said that this friendliness in the Church is meant to be reciprocal. Well-bred people, when they have enjoyed the hospitality of a home, do not show themselves indifferent or bolt out the moment they have swallowed the dinner, as if they were going to a fire. They observe the usages of polite society. It should be so—the quality of courtesy is twice blessed. "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." This atmosphere of friendliness is one of the true marks of a Christian church— "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another"—and show it.

Many years ago the pastor of a well-known church in California had in his employ a Chinese servant. His wife not only asked the Chinese to

prepare the meals and to wash the dishes, she invited him to her husband's church. She did it so graciously that he forsook the Joss House and became a regular attendant of that Christian church. Her husband's preaching of the Gospel and their own consistent life at home were so full of the spirit of Christ that the Chinese soon became a Christian himself and united with that church.

In the years that followed he made such progress in his Christian life that he was advised to study for the ministry. He finally entered a theological school and was ordained and became the pastor of the Chinese Congregational Church in San Francisco. It numbered some two hundred members in the days when I knew it.

He was so trustworthy that he was appointed the official Chinese interpreter in the courts of San Francisco and of Oakland, enjoying to the full the confidence and esteem of all the judges and of the members of the bar. They knew that they could rely absolutely on his integrity.

He had a Christian home where six sons and a daughter grew up to become, in their turn, Christians actively engaged in the Master's service.

The name of that Chinese was Jee Gam and thousands of people around San Francisco Bay hold him to this day in high regard for the worth and beauty of his Christian life. It all went back to the action of that modest, cultured Christian woman who first introduced him to Christ.

Andrew brought those Greeks to Christ, and Jesus said, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified." The modern members of this Order of St. Andrew are following the same path. They are scattered abroad throughout the whole earth, engaged in bringing foreigners to Christ. They are all candidates for that high reward suggested in the words of the Saviour, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, for I was a stranger and ye took me in."

It was Bruce Barton, a publicity expert, who said at a dinner of the Advertising Club of Boston recently, "A single sentence from the lips of the Master produced greater results than any other single sentence which ever fell from the lips of man." This was the sentence— "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

In all the lands of earth, men have put millions upon millions of dollars into their obedience to that command. Tens of thousands of the choicest young men and young women our Christian homes and Christian colleges could produce have gone out facing exile, hardship, peril for the rest of their days in obedience to that command. They went out to give their lives to people whom they had never seen, whose names they did not know, whose language they could not as yet speak, but whose needs they had made their own in warmest sympathy, because Jesus said "Go." They, like Andrew of old, are bringing strangers to Christ.

How great is the power of personal influence in advancing those interests which are unseen and eternal! Men may speak with the tongues of men and of angels in public address, and yet become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal if they lack the fine quality of personal sympathy. The final force in the moral renewal of the world is the power of love, the personal interest of some true friend who cares enough to reach out a hand and a heart to help. God so loved the world that he sent his Son. When the Son came, He said to his disciples: "As

the Father hath sent me, so I send you. He that receiveth you, receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me." The whole way between the lowest depths of human need and the great White Throne of Divine Love was to be bridged by consecrated, friendly flesh and blood.

When Peter preached his famous sermon on the Day of Pentecost, three thousand were added to the church and enrolled among those "who were being saved" by the power of Christ. I like to think that Andrew was present that day, sitting in the congregation and listening to his brother's sermon. He may have said to himself as Peter went on, "I could not do it, but I brought him to Christ." He had a clear right to reap a certain royalty of satisfaction from all the splendid spiritual success achieved by that more conspicuous servant of the Lord.

David Livingstone was a famous missionary. He carried light into a Dark Continent. When he died, away in the interior of Africa, his faithful black men, whom he had led to Christ, took up his body on their shoulders and carried it all the way to the sea-coast. There it was placed on a British

ship to be brought back to England to be buried with national honors where it lies to-day in Westminster Abbey.

But the body of David Livingstone's faithful wife, who shared all his hardships, whose gracious affection and saintly devotion did so much to make possible that illustrious service to the Dark Continent, lies buried in the heart of the jungle in Central Africa. Heaven be praised for the beautiful devotion of these quiet people whose loyalty to Christ has brought many to Him, whose sympathetic interest has discovered the hidden resources of many a boy, whose kindliness has introduced strangers without number into the fellowship of faith.

In one of the great galleries of Europe we find Murillo's painting of "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew." Here at one side with his face turned away, as if he could not bear the terrible sight, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, stands the figure of a boy! Tradition has it that this was the boy who had the five loaves and the two fishes that day by the Sea of Galilee. He felt that he owed his soul to the influence of that friend who

had introduced him to Christ, and he was there to pay this last tribute of affection. The memory of this good man is compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, who have been inspired by his example to lay aside every weight and the sins which did so easily beset them, and to run with patience the race set before them, looking unto Him who is the author and finisher of our faith.

PHILIP: THE MATTER OF FACT MAN

V

PHILIP: THE MATTER-OF-FACT MAN

WHAT different roads men take to reach the truth! "So many ways, so many minds, so many paths that wind and wind."

Here was this man Philip, dull, prosaic, plodding in all his methods! He had seen the Lord, but he was not jumping up and down about it in an ecstasy of feeling. He did not quicken his pace nor raise his voice nor make a gesture. He came to his friend Nathaniel and said to him, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." He had the facts all there carefully set out, as if he had been making up a trial balance. But how different it was from Andrew's eager announcement of his experience— "We have found the Messiah."

"We have found him of whom Moses and the

prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." Nazareth? The name of that town had become a byword, like Reno, Nevada, or Herrin, Illinois, or Gopher Prairie. When the name of Nazareth was mentioned, people did not say anything,—they just laughed. They were not looking for a Messiah to come out of Nazareth.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Nathaniel said, with a smile of incredulity. This matter-of-fact man did not argue the question. He did not indulge in any rhapsodies over what had come out of Nazareth. In his patient, plodding fashion, he replied, "Come and see." He had himself well in hand. He would not venture upon any statement which might prove excessive. He made no definite claim for the One who had just come out of Nazareth. He would let every one judge for himself. "Come and see"—he kept his feet always on the ground.

Let me study with you the general method, the limitations, and the positive value of this matter-of-fact type of man!

First, his method! He was as careful in his

attention to detail as the paying teller in a bank. He noticed the signature and the date on each check, the amount written in, and the figures which should always correspond. He never overlooked anything.

The day came when Jesus saw before him a company of people who were hungry. They had followed him into a desert place to listen to his words. Now it was meal-time and they were miles and miles from any food-supply. Jesus said to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?"

Instantly the mind of this bookkeeper-like man went off into careful calculation as to the probable cost of an adequate food-supply for all those people. He could do sums in his head—such men always can. They are not dependent on pad and pencil. In a moment he replied, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread would not be sufficient for them, if every one would take a little."

His mind moved on the dead level of literal fact. It was just a question of buying bread and there were no bakeries at hand. And if there had been, the sum of money required to purchase bread

enough was beyond the reach of the modest purse carried by those disciples.

Philip was like that caterer in one of the Bernard Shaw's plays: "Show it to me on paper! If it 's to be talk, let it be talk; but if it 's to be a contract, down with it in black and white! Then we shall know what we are about." Two hundred pennyworth of bread—that was the lowest figure this matter-of-fact man would consider!

Philip was lacking in imagination. His faith never leaped across chasms of difficulty. He could not picture what the Lord of Life, who stood there at his elbow looking out upon that hungry multitude, might do with even five loaves and two small fishes as a basis for his bounty. He recognized the things which were seen and temporal, but he overlooked the things which were unseen and eternal. It would never have occurred to him to take five thousand people on a picnic until he was entirely sure that there was food enough in sight to feed them all. He was matter-of-fact to the core.

Philip was in Jerusalem on that first Palm Sunday. He saw the Galileans breaking branches

from the palm-trees and waving them before their Master as He entered the city. He heard them singing "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is the king that cometh in the name of the Lord!" It was like some gigantic convention of the Salvation Army. They were tremendously excited over the entrance of the Messiah into the capital city of their country.

There were certain Greeks among those who came up to worship at the feast. They came at once to Philip, which was the natural thing for them to do. His name was Greek—"Philippos," which means "a lover of horses!" He may have been a Hellenistic Jew. The Greeks said, "Sir, we would see Jesus." They wanted to know this religious leader from Nazareth who had made such a stir. This eager interest of theirs was a kind of first-fruits of that mighty spiritual harvest which the gospel of Christ would finally reap among this wide-awake people. "Sir, we would see Jesus."

But Philip saw nothing of all this. He was as cautious in his dealings with foreigners as some immigration officer. They were not Jews—they were Greeks! What did the promised Messiah

have to do with them? What did they know about "the Prince with the four names," Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace? They had been walking in darkness—would they ever be able to see the great light?

Philip therefore went off to consult Andrew. "There are some foreigners out here" he said "who want to see Jesus." Now Andrew was a man quick to decide. He saw the promise in that inquiry, and he promptly brought those Greeks to Jesus. The Master saw at once the deeper meaning of it all. When his eyes rested upon those inquiring Greeks, his heart leaped. He cried out in grateful joy: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to me." Jews, Greeks, Romans, everybody! It took vision and imagination to see all that. This matter-of-fact man missed it.

Philip was there in the upper room that night when Jesus took bread and broke it. He gave it to them, saying, in a vivid Oriental figure, "This

is my body which is broken for you. Take, eat, make it your own! Reproduce in yourselves that quality of life which you have seen in me. Feed upon me in your hearts by faith with thanksgiving."

Philip was there when the loving-cup went around. The Master was saying to them: "Drink ye all of this. This is my blood which is shed for you. It is my life poured out for you. I am come that ye might have life abundant, life which is life indeed. Let every one who is athirst for more life come unto me and drink."

What an hour of high privilege! It was enough to lift any prosaic soul from the dead level of ordinary feeling into the mountain-top of spiritual experience. Any man with sensibilities would have been caught up into the third heaven, not knowing whether he was in the body or out of the body.

Then Jesus added those words which men will never cease to repeat: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. I am the way—no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye know me, ye know my Father also."

God is like Jesus Christ, on an infinite scale of being. The look on the face of Jesus Christ as He said it, caused their hearts to burn within them. They saw in His face the glory of the Eternal.

But Philip, matter-of-fact even in that high hour, said calmly, "Lord, show us the Father!" He wanted to see something, something more, something definite and tangible, like the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor or the Matterhorn from Zermatt or Mt. Everest from Darjeeling. "Lord, show us!"

The Master was disappointed. Had he not told them when they prayed to say "Our Father"? Had he not said to them, "I and my Father are one. Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father?" The Infinite Ground and Source of all being, the One not ourselves who makes for righteousness, the Author and Finisher of these incomplete lives of ours, the Eternal whose everlasting arms are underneath us, the One who is above all and through all and in us all, is like Jesus Christ in character and disposition. Had not Philip heard all that? Oh yes, he had heard it in his prosaic

fashion, but he was still waiting to be shown! "Show us the Father and it sufficeth." This was the method of this matter-of-fact man.

In the second place, notice the limitations of that method! We can see these limitations at once —they lie plainly on the surface. Man cannot live solely by visible, tangible, demonstrated facts. We walk by faith and not by sight—we cannot walk at all in any other way and make progress. We know in part. We see through a glass darkly. We have to take the rest of it on faith, and press forward to the realization of those vaster hopes which make life worth living.

No man knows completely his own wife's love for him if she is a true woman. Some part of that love he knows, and the very thought of it causes him to feel that he ought to be a better man to be worthy of it. But what that love might mean in the face of some great emergency, nursing him through some long and trying illness, sharing with him some bitter disappointment, bearing with him some burden which would cause them both to stagger and fall but for their mutual affection and

sympathy—that vaster love he does not know and cannot know until the occasion for its manifestation arises. Every one walks constantly by faith in a whole system of unseen values and agencies which are eternal.

"How many loaves have you?" Jesus said to his disciples that day when Philip was making his calculation as to how many pennyworth of bread would be required to feed that hungry crowd. "How many loaves have you?" They did not know. They went out to investigate. When they had made their count, they came back and reported, "Five, and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

Still, they did not know. They were doing their little sums in arithmetic, leaving out of account the most significant fact in that whole situation. They were adding up their little columns of figures like children at grammar school, just as if there had been no Lord Christ upon that hillside. They forgot completely the power of personality,—of His personality,—and so they were staggered by the apparent disproportion between their own meager resources and the amount of human need

massed together in that hungry multitude. They needed to learn another kind of arithmetic.

We live and move and have our being in the presence of the everlasting mystery of the expanding, enlarging, dominating power of life. How can a man fling away a bushel of seed wheat in the spring and then four months later, because that seed wheat has been wrought upon by the mysterious forces of soil and sunshine, of rain and dew, go out and harvest thirty, sixty, a hundred fold? How can the tiniest germ of human life, scarcely distinguishable under the microscope from a germ which would develop into an ape or a dog, carry over in its minute cells a bundle of personal characteristics, facial resemblances, mental traits, moral tendencies, like those of the Father? It is by means of such germ-cells that the stream of heredity maintains its steady flow. How can these things be!

The bravest knowledge of our day stands helpless before that problem. How, how, how? The same beneficent hand of power and of wisdom which works in the wheat-field and among the

potencies of cell and tissue was there at work that day by the Sea of Galilee when the hungry multitude was fed. This dull, prosaic, matter-of-fact man would have missed all that if the Lord had not opened his eyes that he might see. It has been well said: "When a man gives Christ loaves, Christ gives him back more loaves. When he gives Christ himself, Christ gives him back a larger and a finer self."

How many loaves have you, Philip? How many loaves of knowledge as we face these world problems, vast intricate, baffling? Not many! We do not know just how all these problems are to be solved in those great, hard years which lie ahead.

How much faith have you, Philip, as you undertake to press forward in some bewildering situation? Not much! Not enough surely to move mountains, not enough perhaps to move mole-hills.

How much genuine goodness have you, convertible into redemptive energy, as you undertake to save society from its greed and hatred and strife? Not much! Look at us! We have all erred and

strayed from the way like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts and there is not much moral health in any of us.

Five loaves and two small fishes! Two hundred pennyworth of provisions! What are they among so many! What will our meager supply of knowledge, our uncertain wavering faith, our limited measure of goodness, be able to accomplish in the face of need like that.

If you sit down with pad and pencil to figure it all out in a matter-of-fact mood, leaving Him out of the account, you may well despair. You will all be saying: "Show us! Show us! Let us see the end from the beginning, that we may walk not by faith, but by sight!" This is the everlasting limitation of that whole method.

In the third place, the value of these matter-of-fact people for the kingdom of God! One man looks up at the starry skies and is thrilled by the sight. He cries out, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Another man looks up at the same sky

and begins to figure out how many millions of miles the sun is from the earth, how many times greater some of those stars are than this globe of ours. He goes on with his spectrum analysis until he knows how many different kinds of fuel each star burns.

Well and good! The poets and the singers, with their visions and dreams, have their rightful place. But the prudent, patient mathematicians, making those calculations which have interest and value for us all, have also their place. It was the men of the latter class who were able to tell us, last January, the day, the hour, the minute when the total eclipse of the sun would occur and just where the boundary lines would run dividing those who would see it as "total" from those who would see only a "partial" eclipse.

Man does not live by bread alone nor by hard facts alone. Neither does he live by visions, dreams, and enthusiasms alone. He lives by all the great words which proceed out of the mind of God. The ignorant, untrained man, even where he is honest and earnest, may, with all his enthusiasm, become a positive menace to society.

He may be for all the world like that hero of Galsworthy's riding madly ahead on a dark night with his face toward the tail of his galloping horse. He will be sure to ride somebody down before daybreak and to bring up himself in the ditch.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart in the desires you cherish, and with all thy strength in the deeds you do, and with all thy mind in the thoughts you think. It is for every man to seek for the joy of intellectual fellowship with his Maker by thinking his thoughts after him and by sharing with Him in his wise, beneficent purposes for mankind.

Here are men in all our churches who might not add up very large in a prayer-meeting! Their religious experiences are so plain and simple, so lacking in romance and picturesqueness, that they would not seem worth telling. They would not make good copy for another chapter in Harold Begbie's "Twice Born Men." There are deep, rich, beautiful elements in such a nature as John's which these men do not possess. There are warm, eager, compelling enthusiasms in Peter which

these men never show. Narrow-minded evangelists, intent upon one particular type of spiritual experience, sometimes try to make these men feel that they have no rightful place in the kingdom of God, that the religion of our Lord is not for them.

Yet these very men, matter-of-fact though they may be, are exceedingly useful in the life and service of the kingdom of God. They could tell you exactly how much bread would be needed for the annual dinner of the Men's Brotherhood. They could tell you how much material it would take to build a bungalow or a Brooklyn Bridge or a Roosevelt Dam, and what it would cost. They are exceedingly valuable in planning and directing the financial side of church life. And even though every church should see visions and dream dreams, there are bills to be met which will have to be paid in dollars and cents.

These matter-of-fact men can add up columns of figures and get the right result the first time, and then tell us in clear-headed fashion what should be done next. And best of all, these men are much better able, as a rule, than are many of the high-fliers, to tell us how the principles and ideals

of the Sermon on the Mount can be gradually and increasingly realized in the every-day practice of the workaday world. We are grateful to the ground that the men and women of the world are not all mystics. We have sore need of these intelligent, conscientious, matter-of-fact people who can help us to steer a straight course toward the City of God.

"In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth." They are all needed and they are all equally honorable when they are put to right use. The coal-hod has its place of usefulness as well as the silver platter. The broom is needed for good housekeeping, as well as the chamois-skin which rubs the brass and keeps it bright.

Bear in mind where the prophet placed his climax in his portrayal of spiritual efficiency: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings like eagles. They shall run and not be weary." And then, last of all, "they shall walk and not faint."

Flying, running, walking—three modes of ad-

vance! The fliers, the bird-men with their aëroplanes, move across the sky at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. The runners in the hundred-yard dash move along the cinder-track with almost incredible swiftness. But the main part of the world's work is being done by men and women who walk. It is the great, main, staple gait of ordinary life. The matter-of-fact people like Philip are not much given to flying nor to running, but they can walk in the way of every-day duty and not faint. Heaven be praised for the steady contribution they make to human well-being!

It is not merely on the heights, where inspired men see the heavens open and the angels ascending and descending, that the kingdom of God on earth is advanced. It comes also on the level ground where plain men and women, who have never gotten sufficiently excited about religion to shout or to tear their clothes, are doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God. They are constantly winning those victories which bring nearer the day of the Lord.

"The test of education," Herbert Spencer used to say, "is to be able to do what you ought, when you

ought, and whether you feel like it or not." We might almost make that the test of true religion. Can the man of faith do what he ought, when he ought, and whether he feels like doing it or not. If he can meet that test, he is not far from the kingdom of God.

There is a legend which was made current by Clement of Alexandria, one of the early church fathers, that Philip was one of those men who begged off at first when Jesus asked them to become his disciples. The Master said to a group of men, "Follow me." One of the men replied, "Lord, I will follow thee, but suffer me first to bury my father."

There is nothing to indicate that his father was dead at that time. He wanted to wait until his father had died and the property had been divided up and the estate all settled. Then he might be willing to give some attention to the claims of Christian discipleship.

The Master did not care for such postponed allegiance and he said frankly, "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit

for the Kingdom of God." It may not have been Philip, but if it was, he saw his mistake at once. He came in thoughtfully, deliberately, with no waving of banners, but as an honest, whole-hearted friend of the Master.

He wanted to be shown—"show us the Father" —and he was shown. When he had been given time to think himself through and to see yonder in the distance the true object of Christian effort, he put himself into the task and moved straight toward the goal.

He was not on the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter, James, and John when the Master's face shone like the sun and his raiment was white as light. But he was there in the valley when five thousand hungry people were to be fed, helping his Lord, as soon as his eyes were opened to the greatness of the occasion, to meet that need. In the Father's house are many abiding-places. The Father's house is not all roof-garden, where privileged people can look off with unimpeded vision toward the stars. The Father's house has in it also kitchens and cellars. Philip will often

be found there, seeing to it that they are well stocked and that the necessary work is being done with thoroughness and skill.

We have a man in the White House who is not much given to flapping his wings. He is not keen on flying nor on running, but he does know how to walk. He can walk wisely, usefully and uprightly, seven days in the week.

When he was governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the policemen of Boston lost their heads. They went out on an ill-advised strike and left the city they were set to protect to its own devices. The hoodlums and criminals of the city saw their chance and they promptly came out of their holes to become at once a menace to life and to property and to purity.

The governor of the State did not hesitate nor fall down. He did what he ought to have done, when it ought to have been done, and without any ifs or ands about it. When the trouble was over and order had been restored, he said to those policemen, "The right to strike against the public

safety does not exist for any man, anywhere, at any time." And the common people gave thanks for this matter-of-fact man whose name is Calvin Coolidge.

MATTHEW: THE MAN OF BUSINESS

VI

MATTHEW: THE MAN OF BUSINESS

HOW broad-minded the Master was! His ideals were the highest the world has ever seen and his insistence upon them clear and firm, yet He stood at a long remove from the narrow, one-eyed partisan. He had a place in the treasure-house of his interest for the widow's mite. He had also a place for the generous means of the well-to-do business man.

His eyes of sympathy swept the whole social scale from the top to the bottom and from the bottom clear up to the top. He called fishermen and made prophets of them. He also called a man profitably engaged in the revenue service of the Roman Empire and made an apostle of him. "He saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and said to him, "Follow me!" When the city of God is open for business, there

are three gates on a side; and men come straight in from the four quarters of the globe and from all the vocations which men follow, bringing into it the glory and the honor of the nations.

We will notice four things about this man of business who was called to be an apostle! He was a publican, that is to say a tax-collector. The Master showed courage in making such a choice. The tax-collector in any country is not likely to be as popular as Santa Claus. But in Palestine, where the taxes were farmed out by the Roman Government, the tax-collector, socially speaking, was a leper. He stood about where gamblers and bootleggers stand with us. Some man would pay the Roman Government a fixed sum for the right to collect taxes in a given district. Then he took all he could get. He had but one rule, "Pile on all the traffic will bear."

The same system prevailed until quite recently in Palestine under the Turkish Government. I once spent a night in Jericho. I talked for an hour that evening with a small farmer whose place was just outside the little town there in the Jordan

valley. He was an Arab, and when he learned that my father was a farmer here in America, he asked me all manner of questions about conditions in this country.

He asked me first of all about the taxes. He told me the method of the Turkish officials. When he harvested his wheat crop, he was required by law to place it in ten stacks. He naturally made those stacks as nearly equal as possible, because when his wheat was stacked the tax-collector had the right to come and select any one of the ten for the state taxes. But to induce the official to do this promptly, before the wheat should begin to spoil in the stack, the farmer had to give him another one of the ten stacks as his personal fee. Then before he could get the papers signed, permitting him to thresh his crop, he had to give another stack as a final payment. So that before this poor man could touch the results of his year's work, three tenths of his crop had been taken from him by the tax-collector. Pile on all the traffic will bear! They believed in "that good old rule, the simple plan, that he should take who has the power, and he should keep who can."

"He saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom." It was a venture of faith for Jesus to call such a man to be an apostle. The Master flung all the maxims of expediency to the four winds; he flew in the face of popular prejudice. Matthew was a government official, suspected and hated by the common people. He was a publican, that is, a tax-collector. "Publicans and sinners"—that was the common phrase! "Publicans and harlots," linking them up with a still more disreputable class! "Let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican!" they said, when they cast a man utterly beyond the pale of their regard! One could hardly go to church in those days without hearing some Pharisee say, "Thank God, I am not as other men are, unjust, extortioners, adulterers, or even as this publican." Matthew was a publican, yet here stands his name as one of the Twelve. It was indeed a venture of faith.

Most of these tax-collectors were Romans—the patriotic Jew refused to hold office under the hated Roman rule. He was ready to render to God the things which were God's, but he drew back from

rendering to Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's by the law of force.

Now and then a Jew with an eye to the main chance, dominated by that financial instinct which has made that race so widely prosperous, did accept the office of a publican. He was then regarded as an apostate Jew, a man who had sacrificed race pride and national loyalty to his desire to make money.

These tax-collectors were regarded by all upright Jews as traitors to their country. Their money was "tainted money," and was not to be accepted in the Synagogue. They were not regarded as being capable of taking an oath—their testimony was refused in the courts. They were no longer "the salt of the earth"—they had lost their Hebrew savor and were to be trodden under foot by the fathers of Israel.

Matthew was one of those men—he was sitting at the receipt of custom, collecting revenue for the Roman Government when Jesus first saw him. The Master did not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. He had a mission to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He saw be-

neath the hard exterior of this tax-collector, the making of a splendid apostle.

There is a legend which has come down from some unknown source. Some boys were standing one day around the body of a dead dog as it lay in the gutter on the streets of Jerusalem. They were showing their contempt for the poor brute. "He has had one of his eyes gouged out," one boy remarked. "He has lost an ear in some dog fight," said another. "What an ugly brute he is," added a third, "his hair all matted with dirt and blood!"

"But look at his teeth!" a stranger said, who was looking over their shoulders at the body of the poor dog! "Look at his teeth—they are as white and as fine as pearls!"

"Who is that?" one boy said as he looked up. An older boy, who knew the man by sight, replied, "It is Jesus, the Galilean."

The Master had a clear eye for those better qualities sometimes overlooked in dogs and in men. He looked for the best, saw the best, and was forever bringing it out. He saw the tax-collector

whom the people despised, and by a venture of faith he called him to be an Apostle.

It is interesting, in the second place, to notice this publican's method of doing Christian work. When Matthew became a follower of Christ, he made a feast at his own house. He invited his friends to meet the Master. "There were many publicans and sinners among them," the record says. It had to be so—they were the only friends Matthew had. He was bearing his testimony as a Christian in the presence of his former associates. Had he invited pious Jews, they would not have come. He had a good house and plenty to eat and would have been glad at any time to have exercised the grace of hospitality, but the pious Jews ostracized him. Publicans and sinners! Publicans and harlots! Birds of a feather flock together! A man is known by the company he keeps! They had all these wise old saws at their tongues' ends.

But when Matthew invited Jesus, he went—He sat down and ate with publicans and sinners. It stirred the social circles of Jerusalem to the depths.

"He eateth with publicans and sinners!" No one cared a straw when Theodore Roosevelt spoke to the negroes on the streets of the Capital, but when he sat down to meat in the White House with Booker Washington, thousands of angry voices rang out in noisy protest.

The Master ate with publicans and sinners because he was a physician. He told the Jews who criticized him that a physician's main business was not with those who were well, but with those who were sick. They needed him the most.

He too was interested in Matthew's method of doing Christian work. When this tax-collector wanted to bring men into contact with Christ, he did not invite them to a prayer-meeting, he invited them to a dinner. He did not say, "Come around to the Synagogue next Sabbath and sit in my pew." He invited them to come to his home the next night and sit at his table. That interested the Master—He had not always seen it done after that fashion.

The religion of Jesus is intensely social in its whole spirit and method. "The Son of Man came eating and drinking"—He was a diner-out. He

was criticized for it. Some of the people said that He was "a winebibber and a gluttonous man." This was untrue, but it indicated his social habits. Men never said that about John Calvin.

It is significant that to this day the most prominent and sacred article of furniture in a Christian church is not the pulpit, but a table. "The Lord's table" where we find things to eat and drink. The holiest sacrament of the Christian Church is the one where we eat and drink together, thereby entering into a deeper sense of communion and fellowship with one another and with Him. This man who had been a tax-collector seemed to understand the spirit of the movement to which he had committed his life. His first recorded action as a disciple was that of giving a dinner to Christ and his friends.

We find the story of Matthew's conversion in his own gospel, right in the midst of a chapter of miracles. He tells us how Jesus healed a man who was sick of the palsy; how he cured a woman who had been suffering for twelve years; how he opened the eyes of two blind men so that they saw clearly!

And right there in the midst of all this gracious, generous action, Matthew slipped in a word as to what Christ had done for him. "He saw me sitting at the receipt of custom and said to me, 'Follow me!' I have been following him ever since, to my own everlasting profit," he might well have added. "He saved me from a life of greed to a life of unselfish service." Matthew regarded his own conversion as worthy to be listed with those miracles of healing.

We are grateful for that fine touch. How good it was that the Lord of Life had a mission to the lost sheep of the house of Israel! There was a young minister once in a small town not far from New York City. He saw that nearly all the people who came to his church were the good people who already believed in Christ and were trying to live Christian lives. He felt that he was preaching all the while to the converted. When he went among the unchurched, asking them to come, they would say to him with a laugh, "Oh, we are not good enough—we are sinners."

One Saturday the young minister inserted in

the town paper and he mailed to pretty much everybody in the place, a notice which read like this.

SINNERS' SERVICE

The service at the —— Church next Sunday will be exclusively for sinners. The saints are all asked to stay away.

The church, of course, was packed to the doors the following Sunday, and then that young minister tried to tell the people who Jesus Christ was, and what He was trying to do for the world, and how much He needed the help of those very people who were there that morning, many of them for the first time. "I came not to call the righteous," the Master said that night at Matthew's dinner, "but sinners to newness of life."

The main emphasis which Matthew reveals in reporting the work of Christ is also significant. Here was a man who had not talked much about religion in the past—it was not a common topic of conversation among tax-collectors. He had never

been caught up into the third heaven of spiritual ecstasy as Paul was. He did not know as much about heaven as he did about this common earth, where men buy and sell and make gain and pay their taxes or get out of them when they can. He never had seen the heavens open and the angels of God ascending and descending. He lived close to the ground. He had, however, seen many a soul go down in defeat because of that love of money which lies at the root of so much that is evil. His religion, therefore, was very practical—it was the religion of a business man.

His years of service in the Department of Internal Revenue had made him familiar with the Roman regard for order and precedent. When he came to compile and arrange his own gospel, that quality of mind was apparent. His gospel stands first in the New Testament because it forms a connecting link between the old dispensation and the new. It links up the best there was in the Old Testament with the finer teachings of the New, showing how Jesus came "not to destroy one jot or one tittle" of that which was good, but "that all should be fulfilled" in a more complete manifesta-

tion of God's moral interest in man. His characteristic word, found so many times in the first Gospel, is "that it might be fulfilled."

He joins with Luke, whose gospel most nearly resembles his own, in exalting the plain teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. He regarded it as a kind of moral platform for the world of action. The final solution of all industrial and social problems would, in his judgment, have to be made upon the basis of the principles and ideals there contained. He made clear the binding obligation of the Golden Rule.

He emphasized the fact that not by words nor by forms nor by theories, but by deeds, are men saved or lost. "Not every one that saith unto me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father." The only man who builds his moral structure upon a foundation which will stand, when the rains descend and the floods come and the winds blow and beat upon that house, is the man who builds upon the rock foundation of obedience to the will of God. How sound and sensible and in the best sense, businesslike, it all is!

In his gospel, Matthew particularly emphasizes those principles which impel men to fair dealing, to kindly speech, to unselfish action. He would have them pay what they owed regularly and promptly, so that others might not suffer hurt and loss by their careless delay. He would have men tell the truth, and not something else which might look something like it, a second or third cousin to the truth. "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." He would have men uniformly kind and courteous, even to the thankless and thoughtless. "If ye salute them only who salute you, what do ye more than others—publicans do the same." He would have men like Him who sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust, who causeth the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, that they might be the children of the Highest. His main emphasis was upon the doing of the Father's will in the round and round of daily life.

Here in Matthew, we find certain splendid teachings of Christ which are not contained in the other gospels! He alone tells us about the man who found a treasure hid in the field and sold all that he had in order to purchase that field and

secure the treasure. The man knew that "the price of the best" is always all that one has—it cannot be had on any easier terms.

Matthew alone tells us about the merchant who dealt in goodly pearls, finding one pearl of great price which was worth more than all the rest put together. He too sold all that he had in order to purchase that pearl. The kingdom of heaven is like that. There is a certain quality of life which can only be gained by the consecration of all one's possessions and all one's powers to the highest ends in sight. When we read these passages and feel the strength of the principles there suggested, we seem to hear the clear-cut accents of one who was familiar with business methods. Matthew heard these words fall from the lips of the Master, and he alone preserved them for our use.

He had been a tax-collector and he knew all the tricks of the trade. He may have felt in his own soul the power of greed, the love of gain, which underlies so much that is bad in human life. Back of the unprincipled, unscrupulous action of the gambler, there crouches the still uglier form of greed driving him on. Back of the hideous, law-

less, devilish trade of the bootlegger, there stands that monster of greed impelling him to sell his very soul and to imperil the lives of his fellows in order to make gain! Back of the whole hideous business of prostitution, there sneaks along the form of greed! There are men and women who have actually fallen so low, so far below the moral level of healthy animals, that they stoop to traffic in the bodies of weak, misguided girls and to feed upon the passions of their fellows, in order to make money. Great heavens, what a horrible thing greed is! This practical man who had been engaged for years in the collection of the public revenue knew all this.

His gospel emphasizes more strongly than either of the others those great words of the Master: "No man can serve two masters. He will either hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and Mammon." One of them must be put first. Is God first or is gold first? When two men ride the same horse at the same time, one of them must ride behind, leaving the task of directing the movements of that horse to the other.

Matthew was a man with a past,—he had seen the power of greed,—and he used that past to make his service to Christ more effective. He would have every man put first that which is first.

In the fourth place, notice the main value of this man's work for the kingdom. He was sitting at the receipt of custom when he was called to be an apostle—he was attending strictly to business. When one wants anything done and done well, it is wise always to go to those who are already doing something useful. The loafers have not much to offer. Moses was keeping his sheep, Gideon was threshing his wheat, Elisha was plowing, Peter was fishing, when they were called to be religious leaders and prophets of the Most High. This man Matthew was sitting at the receipt of custom. It was natural therefore for him to think of the Christian life as a life that was always "about the Father's business." He too made a business of doing the will of him who sent him.

His acceptance of Christ's call meant sacrifice. Here he was a government official, a man with a good position and an assured income, for the Ro-

man Government was good pay! He was able, if he had chosen, to build big barns and fill them to the eaves with good things. He too might have said to himself: "Take thine ease! Eat, drink and be merry! You have a sure thing for all the years to come."

Now he was asked to leave all that and follow One who had nowhere to lay his head. He was called to a life of uncertainty and sacrifice. He had the moral courage to accept and make the venture. Men like that will always add up large on the balance-sheet of any religious movement.

He had learned the lesson of attending strictly to business, whether he felt like it or not. It is a quality which has abiding worth. It was Charles Kingsley, a fine prophetic soul in the English Church, a man of letters and of broad culture, who once said to an audience of merchants: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done that day, whether or no! It will develop within you a hundred virtues which the idle know not of." It was One who spake as never man spake who said,

touching his own philosophy of life, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

I wonder if we have not had about enough of careless contempt heaped upon men of affairs? A lot of it has been altogether undeserved. Business men are not all mean, sordid, and grasping. Some of the very finest Christians I have ever known were men who were not clergymen nor teachers nor professional men of any kind—they were business men.

If you will look for it, you will find just as much moral idealism behind the counter as in front of it, inside the office as outside. There are men all over this broad land who are intent upon making business a social utility, a means of bringing together the resources of earth and the needs of society, an expression of the finest qualities of mind and heart which they can show. They are good stewards of the manifold grace of God, investing their five talents of organizing and administrative ability in an honorable and necessary service. The Master showed that He knew what was

in man when He chose as one of the Twelve, a man who had been successfully engaged in business.

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work" —it is a divine command! It was handed down from the top of Sinai. It is an essential part of that commandment which says, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." The man who fails to use the seventh day of worship and aspiration for the high ends of character building breaks the Sabbath. The man who fails to perform some useful and necessary kind of work breaks all the other six days. No matter what particular form that work may take in those six secular days which lie between Sundays, high purpose, fidelity, an honest regard for the rights of others will make of it a spiritual exercise no less sacred and helpful than those worshipful exercises which are held apart for the seventh day.

"The day's work! The thing you are tired of; the thing you know so well; the thing that holds for you no surprises, no revelations, no thrills of joy! Perhaps you do not know as much about it as you think," said Percy Ainsworth. "Perhaps you have only seen the earthly aspect of it—the

wrong side of it, so to speak. You may find the peace of God, the grace of Jesus Christ, the light of the Spirit in the day's work, if you will only have it so. This is God's way into our lives. This is our way into His life. Serving the Master as every day's work requires, recognizing the divine law in all human necessity!"

Your field of action may lie in a store, in a factory, in an office. Your main task may be the baking of loaves of bread which people can eat with comfort, or driving nails straight without splitting the board, or making useful articles which will serve the needs for which they were designed. I care not what form your action may take! Whatsoever your hand or your head finds to do, if you do it thoroughly and well, it becomes straightway a vital part of your own religious development.

"Work out your own salvation," said the greatest of the apostles, and his word was well chosen! Work it out! He knew that a man cannot think it out or feel it out or pray it out, except as these exercises aid him in working out the divine purpose for him in his ordinary employ.

Here it is then in modern phrase! The Master

sees men sitting in their places of business, and He says to them all, "Follow Me." They may be surrounded with ledgers and letter-files, with wage-scales and price-lists. They may be handling those materials which feed and clothe, house and warm the race. They are called to follow Christ, not always, nor commonly, by leaving all that. If all of those men rose up and forsook their ordinary employment, the world would starve and freeze and die. They are called as men of business to follow Him by devoting and consecrating all that material and ability and the whole economic process which they are helping to direct, to those high ends, human and divine, for which it was designed. When men of business, here and there and everywhere, undertake to do just that, we shall see the kingdom of God coming upon earth evenly and steadily, with all that consequent human betterment which will make glad the heart of the Lord.

THOMAS: THE MAN OF MOODS

VII

THOMAS: THE MAN OF MOODS

HERE was a man who is known mainly for his faults! "Doubting Thomas"—it has become a proverb! You might almost think that "doubting" was the man's first name. We say it usually with a note of censure. Doubting Thomas—as if there was something unworthy about the questioning attitude! The rôle of the villain in the piece is never an attractive one. Any one would rather take the part of *Othello* than that of *Iago* or *Shylock*. Doubting Thomas had a hard part to play in the cast.

He was a man of moods, but they were not all moods of doubt and despair. He had his ups and downs. The color of life for him was never red, neither was it always a deep navy blue. Let me turn him around so that you can see another side of him! If I can send you away presently with a

friendlier feeling for this somber man, I shall be glad.

We find nothing at all about him in the first three gospels. Matthew, Mark, and Luke barely mention his name as "one of the Twelve." Peter, James and John, Andrew, Philip, Thomas, and the rest—that is all there is! It is the author of the fourth gospel, a mystic, a man of swift and sure spiritual intuition, who tells us all we know about the character of Thomas. He would have us understand that there are other ways of arriving at the truth besides his own quick and joyous approach to spiritual reality.

We will notice three plain facts about this man of melancholy temperament—first, he had his moods of uncertainty and despair. His nature caused him to lean not to "the sunnier side of doubt," but to the shadier side.

Thomas was in the upper room that night when Jesus uttered those words which are spirit and life! "Let not your heart be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you. Where I am, there ye shall be

also. Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

Then this melancholy man broke in, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest—how can we know the way?" How can we know the road when we do not see the goal!

He had never learned to sing, "I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me. Lead thou me on, o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night is gone." It was all night to him—a night so dark that he could not see his hand before his face. "Lord, how can we know the way!" He stood there shivering on the brink, afraid to plunge in and trust the water to hold him up.

There came another night, after Jesus was risen from the dead, when He stood again in an upper room with his disciples. He was saying to them, "Peace be unto you." "Then the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord." He was placing in their hands commissions for an exalted service. "As the Father hath sent me, I send you." They were to go into all the world with the good news

of the victory which He had won, with the good news of the victory which He had made possible for us all. He was transforming them by the fresh gift of a finer quality of life. "He breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Their influence upon the lives of others was to be made redemptive—the sins they would remit on earth would be remitted in heaven. It was the greatest hour they had ever known.

"But Thomas," we read in the next verse, "was not with them when Jesus came." We are not told where Thomas was. He may have been doing something entirely innocent—I have no manner of doubt but that he was. Yet he was not there with the other disciples to share in the experience of that high hour of privilege. For some reason this man of moods had detached himself from the society of his best friends. He had flocked off by himself, and the man who does that is always missing something. He is not there when the clock strikes twelve—therefore he misses all the joys of high noon.

The religion of Jesus is a social religion. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,

if ye love one another." We cannot do that by holding ourselves aloof. Here are special promises made to concerted effort! "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Two or three is social life reduced to its very lowest terms. Even so, it has promises made to it which are not made to the individual standing apart. Social worship and social service have a significance all their own.

A man might possibly obey the first of the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" all by himself. He might do it, after a fashion, by a straight, stiff, perpendicular type of piety. But what could he do with the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"! We can only love people as we know them, and we can only know them by being where they are. The man of moods who draws away is forever missing something.

Eight days later the disciples were again together in some upper room of high privilege. This time Thomas was with them. They had been

telling him what had happened while he was away. "We have seen the Lord," they said. "We have seen the Lord!" It had made new men of them. They were no longer moral cowards, frightened out of their wits, and denying their Master because somebody laughed at His claims. Now they were ready to go anywhere, everywhere, with their gospel of a risen Christ. "We have seen the Lord"—and they were all living by the power of an endless life!

But Thomas was still in one of his moods. "Except I see in his hands the print of the nails," he said, "and put my fingers into the print of the nails, I will not believe."

Just there the risen Lord appeared in their midst! Again He said, as Arabs in Palestine say to this day when they meet upon the road, "*Salaam Aleikum!*" "Peace be unto you!" Looking straight into the face of this despondent man of moods, Jesus said to him, "Thomas, reach hither thy hand and be not faithless but believing." He met him not with impatient scorn for his unbelief. He met him with sympathy, with guidance, with evidence. "Reach hither thy hand." And this

man of moods fell down at his feet with the most touching confession of faith to be found anywhere in the four gospels. "My Lord, my God."

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," we say in our well-worn phrase. Wide and varied provision is made for their varied approach to the God and Father of us all! The city where He dwells lieth four-square. "On the east three gates, on the west three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates."

Three gates on a side, all of them wide open day and night! It is a most accessible sort of place. The man who lives on this side of the four-square city is not compelled to go around to some other side, so that he may enter in by the same gate which John Calvin or John Wesley or Henry Ward Beecher used. There are three gates open on his own side of the city. If he will only face toward the light and keep going, he will be headed straight for the peace and joy of the City of God. He will find before him an open door.

Here are people of ardent, joyous temperament, living always in a warm Southern exposure, with

a wealth of kindly, generous impulses! Provision is made for them—"on the south three gates"! Here are people on the north side of the city, where the weather is cooler and there is frost every month in the year! All the claims of religion are there subjected to sharp, intellectual scrutiny. They, too, are not forgotten—"on the north three gates."

Here are little children in the early morning of their experience, unstained as yet by the evil of the world, greeting the unseen with a cheer, as the sun comes up in all the loveliness of a new day! Let them come straight in—"on the east three gates"! Here are those with whom the day is far spent! It is "toward evening" and they know that ere long they will hear the sunset gun. Let them come also —"on the west three gates." The love of God is broader and more varied than the measure of man's mind! For all ages, all temperaments, all moods, there is a welcome waiting whenever they face toward the light.

In the second place, this man of moods had his hours of high courage. When word was brought that day to Jesus in Galilee, "He whom thou lovest

is sick,"—sick unto death as the event proved,—Jesus immediately said to his disciples, "Let us return to Judea, our friend Lazarus is sick."

The other disciples did not want to go. "It is dangerous," they said. "The Jews of late sought to stone thee, and goest thou thither again." They were thinking of their own safety and of His. They would be taking their lives in their hands to return to that hotbed of persecution.

But Thomas was all for going. Lazarus was sick; Mary and Martha, his sisters, were bearing a heavy load of anxiety. The Master and his friends were needed in that home. "Let us also go that we may die with him." He saw the enemies of Christ standing yonder with stones in their hands, but he said, "Let 's go!" It may mean death, but "Let 's go!" That was "two o'clock in the morning courage"!

Here were the twelve disciples and their Master on their way to Jerusalem! Peter was probably ahead, impetuous and determined, now that they were actually on the road! John was walking near to his Lord, looking into his face with warm affection, wishing that he might do something to

avert disaster. James was not saying anything,—he was a silent man,—but he too was walking near to his Leader and was pressing on toward Jerusalem. "Peter and James and John" moved always in that inner circle of loyalty.

Thomas, I fancy, was bringing up the rear. He was walking alone with his head down, thinking it over, looking on the dark side. He was saying to himself: "This may be the end of everything. They may stone us to death. But it all comes in the day's work. It has to be done—it is our duty. Let 's go, that we may die with Him." He too was "one who never turned his back but marched breast forward," doubts or no doubts.

He had his misgivings as to the outcome of that whole undertaking upon which Jesus and His friends had entered. He had his doubts clear up to the time of the Resurrection and beyond. Even that first Easter had not set his mind entirely at rest. But with splendid courage and devotion, he kept right on being an apostle. He held fast to that principle of loyalty to Christ, whose right it was to rule. He was not turned aside nor beaten

back nor thrown down by those mental questionings which proved too much for weaker men. "Let 's go," he said—and on he went in the path of fidelity to the highest he saw.

Men of sense do not "look always on the bright side"—they cannot. They look on both sides. They are not much impressed by *Pollyanna* and her "glad game"; in many situations which they have to face, it seems like sentimental folly. The Pollyanna doctrine seems to them like the product of a childish mind and of spiritual indolence.

When they hear people saying with easy unconcern; "There is no reality in sin, sickness, disease, or death. They are only the illusions of mortal mind. Shoo them away!"—these men straightway set such people down as being flighty. There are certain aspects of life which are grim and hard, say what you will. Life is not all velvet—it would be bad for us if it were; there are times when it feels like sandpaper. In all those hours it is good to remember the quiet, resolute courage of this man Thomas who dealt with facts as they were. He drew the thing as he saw it, and still said, "Let 's go."

He kept right on being an apostle of Christ, rain or shine, uphill and downhill, through thick and through thin. "Let 's go," he said to the men who were hesitating because of their doubts! He was all for action when duty called, and on he went!

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

"Do you believe in God?" a man once said to another whose splendid integrity he had come to revere. "Do you believe in God?"

The other man looked at him thoughtfully for a moment and then replied, "Yes! No! Sometimes! I am trying to do what I believe to be the will of God, if there is a God." That is the attitude which will win out at the last.

"O God, if there be a God," a man once prayed, "save my soul if I have a soul, and make me good, if there is such a thing as genuine goodness."

You might call that, "faith put to its last trumps." But it is far and away better than the

limp uncertainty which gives up without a struggle. It is far and away better than the easy, glib, conventional faith which utters all the great words of religious belief without realizing how much they mean. Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and we do not know the way, but let 's go!

Here we are, many of us, perhaps, in the same plight! We do not know exactly what will happen to us on the road here and hereafter, as we make our way through life. All the more important then that we should be walking steadfastly in the best way in sight! We do not know exactly what will be the final outcome of fidelity to duty. All the more important, then, that we act for the best, hope for the best, and be ready to take what comes!

If the horrible outcome predicted by Bertrand Russell and his group of materialists, should turn out to be true and death should end everything, we could not meet it better than to be found doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly in the presence of the highest we see. It is the spirit of Thomas which leads men on all the hard-fought

fields of daily life to pack up their doubts and their troubles in their old kit-bags, and, with eyes front, to say, "Let 's go."

"Greatly begin! Though thou have time,
But for a line, be that one line forever sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

In the third place this man of moods finally beat his music out—he faced his doubts and slew them. When Thomas said frankly that he could not believe in the Resurrection unless he could put his fingers in the print of the nails, Jesus did not meet him, as I said in an earlier paragraph, with censure and impatient scorn for his unbelief. He met him with sympathy, with guidance, with evidence. "Reach hither thy hand," he said, "and be not faithless, but believing."

It is not a happy disposition which craves that sort of proof. Jesus said to him a moment later, "Thomas, thou hast seen and believed—blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed!" There is a higher form of faith than that which rests chiefly upon the evidence of one's fingers.

In that same hour Thomas himself felt that it was so. When the offer was made, there is nothing in the record to indicate that he availed himself of the privilege of putting his fingers in the print of the nails. He looked into the face of Christ and saw there the glory of the Eternal. He heard those words fall from the lips of Christ which were to him the words of One having authority. It was enough. He fell upon his knees and said, "My Lord, my God." Having seen the risen Christ, he felt that he had seen the Father and it sufficed him. By his sense of fellowship with the living Christ he was no more faithless, but believing.

When we see this splendid outcome, we are thankful that there was a doubting Thomas among the apostles. Renan, the French skeptic, said once, "We owe the Resurrection story to Mary Magdalen, a highly emotional woman." How wide of the mark was this hasty judgment! Leaving out of the account the Apostle Paul, who was no intellectual dunce unable to discriminate between fact and fancy; leaving out of the account

all the rest of them, here was a man living eighteen hundred years before Renan was born, saying to himself, "Except I put my fingers into the print of the nails, I will not believe." Study the record and you will be convinced that the religion of Christ had to win its way repeatedly in the face of questioning uncertainty.

The men in the early church were not a lot of credulous simpletons. They were not like a bunch of spiritualists at a seance in a darkened room, believing that they see what they go to see, what they are determined to see, and what, as a matter of fact, they do see—in their own minds. The twelve apostles were sturdy, outdoor men, farmers, fishermen, peasants and the like. They had a keen sense of fact; they lived close to the ground and were not excitable nor flighty. Read what they said and study what they did, if you think otherwise. And here among them was one man who was particularly strong on the critical side. He was like the man who said to his friend, who was of a dogmatic turn of mind, "I wish I could be as sure of anything as you seem to be of everything." How much it means, therefore, that

the religion of Jesus won such complete devotion from this man who was a doubter!

He faced his doubts and slew them, not by accepting the dogmatic pronouncement of some external religious authority. He did it on the basis of competent evidence. He had seen the Lord after He was risen from the dead, and that experience changed his entire life. Here the final appeal must always be made! To the law and to the evidence! The Christian religion must stand or fall upon the ground of a personal experience of those verities which are unseen and eternal.

When Charles Bradlaugh, the well known infidel, was making his attacks upon Christianity in the city of London, he challenged Hugh Price Hughes, a Methodist preacher who was at that time at the head of the West End Mission, to debate with him the truth of the Christian faith. Hugh Price Hughes accepted instantly. He was more than ready to give a reason for the faith that was in him to any one who asked.

In accepting the challenge of Mr. Bradlaugh he said: "The courts, as a rule, in rendering their

verdicts do not rely solely upon the arguments of the attorneys on either side. They carefully scrutinize the evidence offered by those who have first-hand knowledge of the facts. I will bring with me to the debate that night, as evidence of the truth and power of the Christian faith, one hundred men and women who have been saved from lives of sin by the Gospel of Christ. They will give their evidence, and you will be allowed to cross-examine them. I will ask that you bring with you one hundred men and women who have been similarly helped by the gospel of infidelity which you preach." It is needless to say that the debate never came off. For some reason Mr. Bradlaugh found himself quite destitute of that sort of evidence.

We are glad to find all sorts and conditions of men here among the twelve apostles. Peter, the man of impulse, John, the man of temper, James, the man of silence who said little but did much, Philip, the matter-of-fact man who would have been just the one to make a survey or to draw up a treasurer's report! And Thomas also, the man of moods!

God can use them all, the believing and the doubting, the sanguine and the phlegmatic, the optimists and the pessimists! There are differences of administration, but the same Spirit. There are varieties of temperament, but the same Lord who loves them all. Be not troubled by those widely varying lines of approach to spiritual reality or by those widely differing types of Christian life. In the last analysis but one thing is needful, loyalty to him who is the Highest the world has ever seen, and the expression of that loyalty in kindly service. Choose that good part and it will never be taken away!

SIMON ZELOTES: THE MAN OF FIRE

VIII

SIMON ZELOTES: THE MAN WHO WAS A FLAME OF FIRE

WE have here an apostle who probably belonged to that party which rose in rebellion against Roman rule under the leadership of a man named Judas, some twenty years before the opening of Christ's ministry. The revolt was put down with a strong hand, for the Roman Government at that time did not mince matters. But it left a certain deposit of noble discontent, a dream of better things, a high civic resolve which endured.

It was an attitude of mind and heart which might well find its place and consecration in the number of the Twelve, and Jesus chose one such man to be an apostle. "Simon Zelotes," or, as he is more familiarly known, "Simon the Zealot"—the added designation served both as the title of a party and as a clue to his personal character.

We will notice first what he stood for. He represented political zeal. He was a patriot, a man who could not bear the thought that the Jews should be forever men without a country. He had been fed upon the great hopes and promises uttered by the Old Testament prophets until his own heart was a flame of fire. When Simon the Zealot prayed for the peace of Jerusalem, he did it both as a churchman and as a patriot.

There at Jerusalem, the Lord had caused his name to be placed in a certain distinctive way, making it the center of the religious life of a great race. There also were set "thrones of judgment," possible centers of political influence which, worthily used, might add to Israel's consciousness of being a Messianic nation in whose unfolding life all the nations of the earth would be blessed.

Simon the Zealot stood with the party of protest. The sign of the victorious Roman eagles and the clink of the coin as busy publicans collected tribute-money from the Hebrews to swell the coffers of a foreign power, aroused in him a storm of indignation. He stood ready to be lighted as "a candle of the Lord" and to burn to the socket,

if only that light which never came from sea nor land might shine forth and men be led to glorify the Father who is in heaven. He was intent upon having a part in kindling that fire of political aspiration which should never be put out.

How strange it is that many excellent people have the notion that political life is necessarily unclean! Whenever the word "politics" is mentioned, they look as if they smelled something bad. They never got that idea here in the Scriptures. "The powers that be"—said one who was himself a Roman citizen, free-born and proud of the fact,—"the powers that be are ordained of God." The powers that be,—mayors, governors, presidents, aldermen, legislators, congressmen, policemen, sheriffs, soldiers,—are ordained of God for the high ends of order and justice. Good government is a necessary item in the divine program. Good citizenship is as much a part of high character as the saying of one's prayers.

Yet straight in the face of that plain teaching of Scripture and of common sense, there are many respectable people who have the feeling that if they

pay their taxes and obey the laws (most of them) and stand ready to sing lustily "The Star-Spangled Banner" upon occasion, they are good citizens. Yet if any one should suggest to them that they should neglect their private business or subject themselves to personal inconvenience in order to hold public office or to engage actively in civic affairs, they would regard the idea as almost too preposterous to be talked about.

They want good government,—of course they want good government,—but they also want to be left alone to feather their own nests, making them soft and warm, so that presently they may get in and lie down cozily, leaving the disagreeable task of attending primaries and ward organizations, caucuses and conventions, to somebody else. They may be very respectable people, but they are political slackers.

We have abundant reason here in the United States of America to fear the results of this political apathy on the part of many well-born, well-trained, and well-to-do people in the land. The institutions of a republic will not run themselves

any better than any other political institutions. They offer an opportunity—according to our political faith, the very best of opportunities—for high-minded, honest-hearted men and women to give civic expression to their desires for the common good. But those high-minded, honest-hearted men and women must be on their job not merely on the morning after the election, as they voice their disappointment in no uncertain terms over the result which they perhaps did nothing to avert—they will have to be on their job every day in the year.

If government of the people, by the people, and for the people is not to perish from the earth, then society must show itself able to select and place in power those best men, best in judgment, best in personal character, best in civic efficiency, whose right it is to rule. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," and for the peace of Washington, and for the peace of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo, "for there are set thrones of judgment"! From all of those centers radiate influences which will hasten or retard the coming of the kingdom of God (the kingdom which is not eating and

drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the divine spirit) in all the earth. Heaven be praised for men of intelligent civic zeal!

The limitations of that whole mood represented by Simon the Zealot are instantly apparent. Political life cannot live and prosper by its denials and protests alone any more than religious life can. The "yea, yea" in any movement of thought and life must greatly outweigh the "nay, nay," if it is to make any real contribution to human well-being. It is the positive rather than the negative, the credit more than the debit side of the ledger, which adds up large and shows lasting results when the social trial balance is struck. He that heareth the sayings of the Master and doeth them will always be regarded as the man who has built upon the rock of obedience to right principle his part of that better world to be, where it will stand through all the storms that blow.

And we are bound to say that political zeal, even where it is eighteen carats fine, will not, unaided, purchase the pearl of great price. "Patriotism is not enough," said Edith Cavell, in that

dread hour when she was facing her terrible ordeal! There is another and a higher love, which must transcend and consecrate the love of country to give it abiding worth.

The jingo spirit, whether it sings "Deutschland über Alles" or "Britannia Rules the Waves" or that unfortunate third stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner," does not reflect the mind of Christ. The more intense one's political zeal, the more dangerous it becomes where that zeal has not been brought under the power of intelligent purpose and moral consecration. Simon the Zealot may be either an asset or a liability. He is steam in the boiler, but that steam may drive an unpiloted ship upon the rocks or, escaping by some mischance, it may scald the passengers to death. It all depends.

Here in our own land the very expression of "one-hundred-per-cent. Americanism" has come to have such unworthy associations, it has been made to do duty in such ill-advised undertakings, that it has become discredited. The world at large has moved too far ahead in its civic consciousness to have any real place for the sentiment expressed

in those reckless words, "my country right or wrong." We are charged, as citizens, with the responsibility of making the attitude and policies of our country right. Whenever they are wrong it becomes our duty to oppose and correct them. There may readily develop a political zeal which is not according to knowledge nor within the realm of conscience; and any such zeal becomes a fit subject for moral conversion.

Were the choice to lie between a narrow, bitter, partisan nationalism and a broad, humane internationalism, every intelligent and upright patriot would instantly enroll himself as an internationalist. But the option is not thus limited. The only internationalism worthy of serious consideration is that which rests back upon a worthy sense of loyalty to one's own country. I have no respect for those men who, priding themselves on their breadth of view, declare themselves such devoted internationalists that they spit on their own flag. They often parade their "open minds"—open, alas, at both ends and on all sides, so that little of actual worth remains within. They spill out, at the slightest provocation, a loose assembly of ill-

considered sentiment which contributes nothing to the solution of the grave problems of international life which the world must face in these serious times.

There is no necessary antagonism between the highest and finest form of patriotism and a far-reaching spirit of internationalism. The fact that a man loves his own country first and best does not mean that he must be cherishing the spirit of hatred toward other countries. The fact that a man loves his own wife more than he loves any other man's wife, and stands ready to do more for her comfort and happiness than he would do for the comfort and happiness of any other woman on earth, does not mean on his part any lack of chivalrous regard for all womankind. It goes hand in hand with that broad, inclusive chivalry.

"Patriotism is not enough,"—no single quality is enough,—but it is not therefore to be decried and despised. Here was Paul, who did more than any other one man to free the Christian gospel from the trammels of Judaism and to make it a universal religion! He proclaimed himself in his greatest letter, the letter to the Romans, an ardent

patriot. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." Having had the gospel entrusted to him as an ambassador of God among the nations, he felt himself debtor to Greeks and to Barbarians, to the Jew first and also to the Gentiles. But his strongest, warmest sense of moral responsibility reached forth toward the men of his own race. "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

In the face of the splendid example of this Christian man, whose breadth of view puts him at the right of the line in Christian leadership, it is not for the internationalists to become too good for this common earth, or to decry, in the interests of their own particular theories, an honest love for one's own country.

When Simon the Zealot was brought under the power of Christ's daily companionship, we can easily understand how that ardent feeling which had flamed out in the revolt against Rome would have a very definite value for the unfolding kingdom of heaven. There are the leaping flames of

the brush-pile which is blazing. These may represent the undisciplined, undirected warmth of healthy youth. It makes a splendid showing against the dark sky, but its yield of useful achievement is meager. Then there is the rich, steady, even glow of a bed of coals (when the leaping flames have done their work and have died away), giving warmth to all who come within its reach. This is the nobler fervor of well-seasoned and mature life.

We do not read of any political revolts organized or led by Simon the Zealot. He did not make himself responsible for any flaming civic campaign in Judea which might for an hour have offered a certain menace to Roman rule. But we may be sure that the spiritual temperature of the whole group of twelve apostles was raised several degrees by the presence and influence of this warm-hearted patriot. He was like a southern exposure for the ripening fruits of the Spirit in that group of men.

How much can be achieved by men of warm devotion, even where they lack the qualities of first rate leadership! If such a man cannot be

"Simon Peter," about whom the whole Christian world knows, a man who has churches named for him at Rome and elsewhere, he may become "Simon the Zealot," who, by his faithful devotion, strengthens the cause of Christ. If one cannot be "James, the son of Zebedee," admitted to the inner circle of three among Christ's disciples, he may be that other "James, the son of Alpheus," who had his part in the work of the Twelve, whose name would be written with the names of the apostles upon the twelve foundation stones of the City of God. This Simon the Zealot never did anything sufficiently distinctive for it to get into the record, but he has come down through the ages as one of the Twelve.

We are grateful for those lists of Hebrew patriots whose example and service have enriched the history of that nation in the religious leadership of the world. Why cannot our country write its own eleventh chapter of Hebrews, made up from the list of those heroic, devoted men in our own land who have "subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness, waxed valiant in fight and

turned back the armies of evil?" If we cannot match up with such spiritual leaders as Abraham, Moses, and David, we might easily offer a list which would average as well as Gideon and Barak, Samson and Jephtha.

Here are men who "through faith obtained a good report"—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson! They too declared plainly that "they desired a better country." They too looked for a social order "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." In the best traditions of our own American life, we are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses. It is for us to turn to lay aside every weight and the civic indifference which doth so easily beset us and run with vigor and patience the political race which is set before us.

Why should we not apply to our own national life some of those great assurances from on high which warmed and strengthened the heart of Simon the Zealot! What nation has God so nigh unto them as the Lord our God is unto us in all things which we call upon him for? What nation has

statutes and judgments so righteous as those principles which are set before us in the best expressions of our own civic life? Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire as we have heard? Has God ever assayed to take him a nation from the midst of another nation, by trials and by signs, by wonders and by war, by a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, as the Lord our God has done for us?

Wherefore let us diligently teach those principles which he has given us, to our children! Let us talk of them when we sit at home and when we walk by the way, when we lie down and when we rise up! Let us bind them as frontlets between our eyes and write them upon the door-posts of our houses! In a word, let us "keep and do them," for this shall be "our wisdom and our understanding among the nations!"

We shall never be a nation strong, wise and good by careless, cynical indifference to civic affairs. Several years ago in three of the principal cities of the United States three professional politicians who had already shown themselves woefully inefficient, (not to put it more strongly) in

the very offices to which they aspired were triumphantly reëlected as mayors of those cities by imposing majorities. The good citizens were amazed when they read the news the next morning at their breakfast-tables. They said, "How in the world did those fellows manage to get in again!" They also said other things which it might not be appropriate to record in a religious book.

They had themselves to thank for it. They got what was coming to them. It developed later that tens of thousands of them, men and women,—especially in the sections of those cities where the more fortunate and intelligent classes have their homes,—had not taken sufficient interest in the city elections to register and vote. They got exactly what was coming to them, and so long as that political apathy continues among the more fortunate and intelligent classes in many of our American cities, they will continue to get what they deserve in municipal government.

Sitting down and piously reading the Declaration of Independence or a weekly copy of the "Nation," or standing up and singing loudly "Amer-

ica" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," is not good citizenship, any more than for a woman to read her cook-book and hum the words of "Home Sweet Home" is good housekeeping. The woman must give herself actively and conscientiously to many a humble duty, before her house becomes a home. The good citizens must stand ready to do a great deal more than merely to hear addresses on good government and clap their hands and sing.

"The Lord came down to see the city which the children of men builded." He is constantly doing just that. The words indicate the perpetual interest which the Lord takes in the doings of men. In these days men are building more cities and building them faster and building them bigger than ever before in the history of the world. The Lord still comes down to see what sort of cities we build.

How far have we built our cities according to "the pattern showed us in the Mount," where the Lord held before the eyes of John, a patriotic Jew, the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven adorned like a bride! How far have we built

them so that "the kings of the earth," the ruling forces of human society, will naturally bring in their glory and their honor! How far have we learned to banish from our cities "any thing that defileth or worketh abomination or maketh a lie!"

Cities are bodies of men. Sometimes they are bodies without souls! They have no real sense of corporate life, no municipal pride or enthusiasm, no civic spirit. Then they become mere human lumps and masses without the organizing, vitalizing force of a soul within.

When the soul leaves a human body, that body speedily becomes a mass of corruption, and must be put under the ground or committed to the swift flames of the crematory. When the spirit of loyalty, honesty, decency, dies out of the body politic, it speedily becomes a mass of corruption. It well may tremble lest God should put it under ground or send upon it the terrible fate which overtook Sodom and Gomorrah, the wretched cities of the plain.

Human life began, the Bible says, in a garden. The man and the woman walked about among the

trees and the flowers and the birds. Life was simple, primitive, innocent, but it was neither rich nor full.

Away at the other end of the Bible, we find man redeemed and developed. Here the setting of his life is altogether different! He dwells in a Holy City, where the walls are great and high and the streets are filled with large and precious interests. Here men are doing the will of their Maker under city conditions where human society is highly organized. This later vision reveals the higher and the harder ideal. It marks the progress of the race and its spiritual advance under the leadership of the spirit that was in Christ. "He hath prepared for them a city," and now they have entered in to go no more out.

When Phillips Brooks was preaching one Sunday evening in Westminster Abbey, he closed his splendid sermon on the text, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," with these impressive words:

"May I ask you to linger while I say a few words more, which shall for just a moment recall to you

the sacredness which this day, the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence, has in the hearts of us Americans!

"If I dare—generously permitted as I am to stand this evening in the venerable Abbey, so full of our history as well as yours—to claim that our festival shall have some sacredness for you as well as for us, my claim rests upon the simple truth that to all men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. The nation is the making place of men, and the nations are the golden candlesticks which hold aloft the candles of the Lord.

"It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I love with all my heart and soul. I will not ask your praise for anything which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday, I may do something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour—I may ask you for your prayer in her behalf.

"On the manifold and wondrous chance which God is giving her, on her unconstrained religious life, on her passion for education, on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities,

on her countless quiet homes where the future generations of her men are growing, on her manufactures and her commerce, on her wide gates open to the east and to the west, on her strange meetings of the races out of which a new race is slowly being born, on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness—on all these materials and machinery of manhood and on all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I will ask you to pray that the blessing of God the Father of man and Christ the Son of Man may rest forever.

"Because you are Englishmen and I am an American, because here, under this high and hospitable roof, we are all more than Englishmen and more than Americans, because we are all men, the children of God, waiting for the full coming of our Father's kingdom, I ask you for that prayer."

JUDAS: THE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN

IX

JUDAS: THE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THE story of Judas is a study in the varying results of religious privilege. Here was a life admitted into the closest intimacy with the Highest that ever walked the earth! He was "one of the Twelve" standing alongside of Peter, James, and John. He saw at first-hand the glory of the Eternal in the face of Jesus Christ. He heard those gracious words fall from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake. Yet before the curtain falls upon his period of high privilege, we see this man going out into the darkness of treachery, remorse, and suicide.

His fate brings home to every heart an effective reminder that high privilege does not insure any man against ultimate spiritual ruin. Here was one man who grew worse in personal character while

others, under a set of influences identically the same, were steadily growing better. It has been often remarked that Greek history offers an instance in many respects parallel. The handsome, gifted, forceful Alcibiades in his youth came under the personal influence of Socrates, the seer and the saint of Athens, professing for him the highest admiration and the warmest attachment. Yet he lived to betray his own city and to go over to the side of her enemies.

Judas Iscariot soiled for all time the name he bore. No woman in Christendom, Jewish or Gentile, thinks of naming her baby to-day "Judas." Yet "Judas" up to that time had been a name as honorable as John or Jesus. There was Judas Maccabeus, one of the outstanding patriots and heroes of the Hebrew nation! One of the brothers of our Lord bore the name of Judas. Judas and John—"why should one name be sounded more than the other," Cassius might have said. "Write them together, one is as fair as the other. Sound them, and Judas doth become the mouth as well. Weigh them, it is as heavy. Conjure with them, and Judas will start a spirit as soon as John."

But Judas Iscariot wrecked that name and made it unfit for further use by the evil associations which he packed into it.

We are all familiar with the stock questions which have been asked about Judas. Why did Jesus choose such a man in the first place? Did He know that Judas would prove a traitor? When He first recognized that Judas would play him false, why did He not instantly expel him from among the Twelve? Did the disciples really believe that Judas was a thief when he protested against the use made of the precious ointment which "might have been sold for three hundred pence?" Was Judas false from the first, following Christ from some ulterior motive? Was there some redeeming motive underlying his willingness to betray Christ into the hands of his foes?

We find it difficult to pass a hard-and-fast judgment upon the psychology of a man so far removed from our direct scrutiny. With such meager data regarding his mental and spiritual processes as we now possess, we cannot dogmatize upon his action. There seems to be no sufficient

reason for supposing that Judas did not enter upon his discipleship with as much sincerity as any of the Twelve. We would be put to permanent intellectual confusion did we assert that Jesus, who knew what was in man and needed not that others should tell him, continued all night in prayer and when it was day chose a man who in that very hour was false at heart.

It is clearly evident that in the earlier part of Christ's ministry, his fellow-disciples trusted Judas. They elected him treasurer—men do not commonly entrust their money-bags to suspects. They do not select as chancellor of the exchequer a man whose honesty is open to question.

Even after Judas had approached the chief priests and when the thirty pieces of silver were weighing down his pocket like so much lead, the eleven did not suspect him of treachery. When Jesus looked around the table at the Last Supper and said, "One of you shall betray me," it did not occur to any one of them to say, "Is it Judas?" They were all dumfounded, but to their credit be it said, every man of them turned his eyes within as if aware of latent possibilities of unfaithfulness

in his own heart. Each man looked humbly into the face of his Master, and said, "Lord, is it I?"

Judas was a gamble, a venture of faith on the part of the Master who chose him as one of the Twelve. They all were, Peter, James, John, and all the rest. Would they win out over the evil elements in their natures? Would fickleness give place to stability? Would hot temper and narrow intolerance be overcome by the spirit of love? Would the changing moods of high courage and of utter despondency be replaced by that serenity of spirit which walks the way of duty and does not faint? It would all depend upon the personal response which each man should make to the offer of divine help brought within his reach.

There is a butterfly, a glorious winged creature, hidden away potentially beneath the repulsive exterior of the crawling caterpillar. But the caterpillars do not all become butterflies. The scientist tells us that a fly sometimes thrusts into the body of the caterpillar a tiny egg. The egg hatches into a grub which feeds upon the butterfly-forming elements in the makeup of that caterpillar. The caterpillar suffers no pain and does not feel that any-

thing is amiss. It goes right on eating and growing and living its life as a worm. But the grub has destroyed its capacity for advance. The glorious, winged creature which might have been is gone—it never becomes a butterfly. So Judas had it in him to become a great religious leader,—but the man who might have been never was.

The narrative suggests that the underlying fault in the man's nature was the common one with his race—he was mercenary. He was a lover of money more than a lover of goodness. When he saw the woman break her alabaster box and pour costly perfume upon the head of Jesus, his first thought was, "It might have been sold." When he faced the chief priests, who were plotting against Christ, his first word was, "What will you give me, if I betray him unto you?"

How many times we hear that ugly note in the speech of those ancient Hebrews who did not always realize what it meant to be a people chosen of God for higher ends than making gain! "Sell me this day thy birthright"—and taking advantage of his brother's weakness and hunger, the crafty

Jacob got it at a bargain! When Joseph was lying helpless in the pit, where jealousy had cast him, the caravan of traders came along! Judas began in characteristic fashion to reason after this manner, "What profit is it if we slay our brother—let us sell him to the Ishmaelites!" Hear Peter saying also, when his eye for an hour was upon the main chance, "We have left all and followed thee —what shall we have therefore!" Judas, unfortunately, seems to have had a Benjamin's portion of that racial weakness.

How pointed become the warnings of Christ as to the peril of covetousness when we think of Judas standing with the Twelve, hearing his Master's words! It may be that Jesus saw this moral twist in the man's nature when he said: "Take heed and beware of covetousness! A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

Jesus may have seen Judas looking greedily at the contents of the well-worn bag when he said: "Provide yourselves bags which wax not old. Lay up for yourselves treasures which fail not." He may have seen the soul of this disciple intent upon

gain, standing at the parting of the ways when he said:" No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Any man who loves money more than he loves God is in danger, even though he finds himself enrolled among the disciples of Christ.

"Satan entered into Judas," Luke says, "and he went his way and communed with the chief priests how he might betray him!" It was a vivid picture of an ugly process of moral decline. Satan had not been resident within the man's soul during all those months of high privilege, but he was a frequent visitor. Now when the end of Christ's earthly ministry was approaching and the disciples felt the nearness of some crisis, there came a definite moral lapse. By an act of treachery and the deliberate transfer of himself from the ranks of Christ's friends into the ranks of his enemies, Judas went down to become at last "the son of perdition."

There had been a certain crisis after the feeding of the multitude. When Jesus said to his disciples in searching fashion, "Except ye eat the

flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you," many of them found it a hard saying. When He insisted that they should appropriate inwardly the elements of his own matchless life and reproduce the essential features of his character in daily conduct, it was too much for them. "Many of his disciples from that time went back and walked no more with him."

"He said to the Twelve, will ye also go away?" Peter was ready with his confident word of loyalty —"To whom should we go, thou hast the words of eternal life."

But Jesus scrutinized their faces and their hearts in that hour and remarked sadly, "Have I not chosen you Twelve, and one of you is a devil." "He spake of Judas," says the author of the Fourth Gospel, looking back from the shadow of the cross.

Judas may have found himself from that hour in a minority. The Twelve were all looking for a temporal kingdom which would be set up at Jerusalem, but no one of them perhaps had conceived it in such material terms as this man who carried the bag. He found himself out of sympathy with the spirit, the moods, and the methods of the Master.

He became increasingly a man soured, embittered, hardened by personal disappointment. In his case Jesus had made a magnificent venture of faith, but had failed.

There is a legend—it may easily be no more than that—to the effect that a great artist once planned to paint a masterpiece showing the Twelve seated about the Master in varying attitudes of aspiration and devotion. He selected his models with the greatest care. For Peter and James, Andrew and Philip, he found faces and figures which seemed to him capable of ready adaptation and idealization for his purpose. When he came to paint John, he finally found a young man who was strikingly handsome. He had the face and the presence of a veritable Apollo; and his charm was not altogether physical—there was a look of high purpose and spiritual aspiration written across his features, as if by the finger of the Lord. He seemed to have been created expressly to serve as a suitable model for the figure of John in the great painting.

The artist left Judas until the last. When he

came to seek out a model for the traitor, he went to the lowest quarters of the city, where criminals were bred, and to the prisons, where men were paying the penalty of their evil doing. For a time he did not seem to find just the man who in his looks and bearing might serve as the Judas of his canvas. But one day in a back street, he chanced upon a man whose furtive look, whose hard, unsympathetic face, whose sordid expression met all the requirements. He easily made a bargain with him to come to his studio the next day to sit for the figure of Judas.

The man came and proved a most tractable and responsive model. One day the artist noticed that he had his eyes fixed intently upon the face of John, as it shone out with a peculiar radiance of its own from the wide canvas. The artist said to him, "That is a handsome face." "Yes," replied the man who was there to represent Judas, "it was once my own."

He was the same man who five years before sat for the portrait of John. A few fateful years of vice and crime had effaced the image of one who might well have suggested the beloved disciple and

had replaced it with the sinister look of a traitor. We might almost say that there is in each one of us, potentially, a John or a Judas, according to the set of one's will and the measure of his faith.

"One ship turns east and another west
With the selfsame winds that blow.
'T is the set of the sails and not the gales
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate
As we voyage along through life.
'T is the set of the soul which decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

The motives of Judas in betraying Christ into the hands of his enemies with a kiss have been rigidly scrutinized. I cannot believe that he did it solely for the sake of making gain. There was not enough in it to have induced such action. He could have continued as the custodian of the bag and have stealthily taken from it more than thirty pieces of silver. His action in bringing back the price of the betrayal after Jesus had suffered, and casting it upon the floor of the temple and then going out to hang himself was not the action of a

man whose soul was altogether set upon some monetary advantage. The hard-headed, tight-fisted lovers of money do not fling away their gains, when once they have gotten them, and then commit suicide in spasms of remorse.

After careful study of all the passages bearing upon his action, it is my judgment that Judas firmly believed that Jesus would in some miraculous way extricate himself from the hands of his enemies. He had seen so many manifestations of the extraordinary power of Christ that he could not believe that the Master would actually suffer himself to be put to death as a common criminal.

His worldly mind may well have believed that by his personal shrewdness he would hasten the setting up of that temporal kingdom at Jerusalem which, as all of the Twelve believed at that time, had been too long delayed. He may have felt that as a result of his dealings with the chief priests, he would be thirty pieces of silver to the good, that Jesus would in the end suffer no hurt, and that as a result of his plotting there might come a swifter consummation of the ambition touching that temporal kingdom which all of the apostles still

cherished. This does not remove nor diminish his disloyalty to his Master nor his moral falsity as a disciple, but it does, I believe, throw light upon what may have been his mental processes in those hard days which led up to the crucifixion.

We may be strengthened in this belief by his subsequent action. When Jesus did not deliver himself from the hands of the soldiers, but allowed himself to be condemned and put to death in the most cruel and humiliating way, it broke the heart of Judas. This would not have been so in the case of a man cold and selfish, insincere and cruel from the start. He reeled into the Temple and there, in the presence of the chief priests, he uttered that heartfelt cry, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood."

He found there no least bit of human sympathy. When those religious officials gave no heed to the moral tragedy in this desperate man's life, turning away rudely with that brutal word, "What is that to us?" he cast down his thirty pieces of silver and went out at once to hang himself. He had not meant to destroy the one perfect life the world has ever seen, but he did just that. Greed and

treachery together had led him into a guilty participation in the world's greatest tragedy.

The spirit of avarice encouraged the development of a treacherous purpose. The treacherous purpose soon became father to an open act of rebellion. The act of betrayal, with its terrible consequences, brought in its train an unbearable remorse. The intolerable remorse induced suicide. It was an ugly flight of steps leading down toward perdition. When once Judas had put his foot fairly and fully upon the first step, he went to the bottom.

Who can read the story without a sense of pity? "I have sinned"—the same words which fell from the lips of the penitent prodigal in the presence of a forgiving father! "I have betrayed innocent blood." Innocent blood! It was a tardy, but a heartfelt, tribute to the moral perfection of the One he had wronged. He promptly hanged himself, unable longer to bear the burden of the guilt he felt or the sight of the pain which he had caused. It might well be remembered just here that not every one who has preferred silver to Christ, or who has sold his Christian principles to the highest

bidder, has had the grace to show such contrition.

What he had written he had written, and he could no longer endure the sight of it.

> The moving finger writes, and having writ
> Moves on, nor all your piety and wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

"Judas went and hanged himself," in the same hour that "Peter went out and wept bitterly." "Each of these men," as Dean Hodges says, "had a chapter in his life which contained the story of a black sin. There is a difference between the man who betrays and the man who denies his Master, but not a very great difference. Judas went and hanged himself, while Peter went out and wept bitterly, feeling very badly about it. But there is a good bit of difference between putting a handkerchief to one's eyes and putting a rope about one's neck. Ought not Peter to have imitated Judas? Which is the better example, the apostle with the tearful eyes or the apostle with the broken neck?"

The question is soon answered. Remorse and despair may fittingly express a man's abhorrence

for his sins, but in themselves they do not lead to anything. Repentance, where it is real, has some promise for the future. It indicates an about-face. It paves the way for hope and aspiration. It is more precious than diamonds and rubies, because it foretells an upward movement of the soul which will outlast and outshine them all. Penitence for one's sins, coupled with trust in the divine mercy, is big with promise.

There lies the source of hope for all who have done wrong. If men say they have no sin, they deceive themselves. But if they confess their sins, God is faithful and just to forgive them and to cleanse them from all unrighteousness. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

The desperate action of Judas, when he had betrayed innocent blood, led nowhere. "The devil entered into him and he went out and it was night." Night! Where? Outside or inside the man? Everywhere—it was all black. He could not see his hand before him nor his heart within him. It was all swallowed up in the shadows of moral ruin.

When we undertake to judge the character of this man, it is well to bear in mind both the attitude of seriousness and the sense of reserve which found expression in that final narrative about him in the Book of Acts: "Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place." The gravity of his evil doing was recognized, but no attempt was made to locate or to describe that "place." The solemn delicacy of the writer in thus refraining from any characterization of his fate in the unseen world furnishes an example for us all in judging the sins of our fellows. When we think of Judas, we might well paraphrase the lines of Hood touching the wretched woman who sought refuge from the horror of her evil life in the cold waters of the Thames.

Owning his weakness
His evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
His sins to his Saviour.

"Lord, is it I?" It indicated a wholesome quality of moral life in the hearts of the men who sat with Jesus at the Last Supper that each man, in the face of that solemn statement, "One of you shall

betray me," thought only of his own liability to fall. Not a man of them ventured to cast an eye of suspicion upon the moral prospects of his fellows. "Lord, is it I?" "Search me, O God, and know my heart! Try me and know my thoughts. See if there be any wicked way in me and lead me in the way everlasting."

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close
And let us all to meditation."

BARNABAS: THE MAN OF SYMPATHIES

X

BARNABAS: THE MAN OF BROAD SYMPATHIES

THE Ten Commandments, we are told, were written by the finger of the Almighty on tables of stone. The spirit of Christ writes upon the fleshy tables of the human heart. He is intent upon forming within the man that disposition which will incline him to order his conduct after the method and in the spirit of the Master. His religion is not legalism; it is life. It is not the religion of the letter, but the religion of the spirit. He did not write on paper, but upon hearts, for he knew that men would outlast books.

How much depended upon the sort of material offered him for that high task! It may be possible for divine grace to make silk purses out of sows' ears, but the process will require much time and patience. The end in view will be attained more

readily where the original material is of finer quality.

Heredity and environment do not have the final word—far from it! Men need not be "conformed to this world,"—they can be gloriously "transformed by the renewing of their minds." Even so, when the raw material brought forward at the beginning of that redemptive process shows a certain fine moral fiber, the quickening influence of the divine spirit will meet with a more heartening response.

Here was this man Barnabas! "He was a good man," the record says before it introduces any statement as to his achievements. "He was a good man!" This characterization is plain and simple, like a cup of cold water—and as refreshing. When one has been surfeited with the fancy drinks of extravagant compliment and fulsome eulogy, it is a relief to be offered a cup of clear cold water from the well. He was a good man—and that one fact made possible the sure development of this noble Christian life outlined in the story of the early church.

Barnabas did four things which caused him to be remembered with gratitude and affection. He gave the right hand of fellowship to a man who was under suspicion. In those days the Christian movement was feeble in numbers and it was under fire. In many quarters the flames of persecution were burning. Saul of Tarsus, an outstanding figure in the religious life of that day, had set his face like a flint against the claims of Jesus the Messiah. He regarded the Nazarene as an impostor and the whole system of truth which he proclaimed as an affront to the best religious teaching of that period. He was standing by, consenting to the execution, when Stephen was stoned to death, and was holding the clothes of those who did the stoning. He was intent upon stamping out this new movement of faith there at Jerusalem.

Then, not satisfied with "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" in the capital city of his country, "Saul went to the high priest and desired of him letters to the Synagogues of Damascus that if he found any of this way men or women, he might bring them

bound to Jerusalem." It was war to the knife upon the followers of Christ, so far as this doughty defender of Jewish orthodoxy was concerned. "I persecuted this way to the death," he says in a later reminiscence, filled with the sense of remorse, "binding and delivering men and women unto death."

But as he journeyed to Damascus upon his hateful errand, there came a light from heaven, a voice from the unseen, and a vision of the risen Christ, which changed the whole direction and spirit of the man's life. He left Jerusalem a persecutor; he arrived in Damascus a convert. Scales were falling from his eyes and he received sight and sought baptism as a Christian believer. He then boldly proclaimed Christ in the synagogues of Damascus as the Son of God, to the consternation of both the friends and the foes of the new faith.

He was driven out of Damascus by the persecution of the Jews, who took counsel to kill him, and he went to Jerusalem. There he assayed to join himself to the disciples, but they were all afraid of him. They did not believe that he was a disciple. Then Barnabas, possessed of better spirit-

ual insight and with a broader sympathy, "took him and brought him to the apostles" and vouched for him as one who had "seen the Lord in the way" and was destined to be "a chosen vessel" for bearing the unsearchable riches of Christ to the needy Gentiles.

What a blot it would have been on the record of the early church had they refused fellowship to one who was destined to become its mightiest leader! This Saul of Tarsus, now become Paul the Apostle, did more than any other single mind, save that of Christ himself, to give shape and direction to the truth of the gospel. He wrote well nigh one third of the whole New Testament with his own hand. He was successful beyond any other leader of his day in missionary effort. And we owe it to the insight and sympathy of this man Barnabas that he was not refused and repulsed by the church at Jerusalem.

The Lord above looks out upon human life and the interests of his kingdom more broadly than do some of his learned theologians and self-appointed defenders of the faith. He can and does use stones for the head of the corner which narrow-

minded builders in their partisan zeal have rejected.

> For the love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind,
> And the heart of the Eternal
> Is most wonderfully kind.
> If our faith were but more simple,
> We should take him at his word,
> And our lives would be all sunshine
> In the sweetness of our Lord.

In these difficult times on which we have fallen, when Fundamentalists and Modernists are sometimes moved to shake their fists in one another's faces (not to the glory of God, but for the expression of their own antagonisms), we have sore need of the spirit of inclusiveness. There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. There are differences of opinion among the followers of the same Lord. There are varieties of attitude, but the same God may work all in all. It is my own hope and prayer that the great Presbyterian Church may show itself big enough and broad enough to have room within it for men like William Jennings Bryan and Mark Mathews, with whose opinions at

many points I have no agreement whatever, and also for Henry Sloane Coffin and William P. Merrill, who are splendid and effective advocates of the truth which does make a compelling appeal to my own mind and heart.

If Barnabas were here, I am sure that he would be found giving the right hand of fellowship to every one of them. He would be urging them not to preach Christ in contention and strife, but of goodwill. He would entreat them that "nothing should be done through strife and vain glory," but that "in lowliness of mind each should esteem others better than himself," striving to have in him a larger measure of the mind that was in Christ.

When Paul came to Jerusalem, he was a theological suspect, an ecclesiastical "Red," and the church-members in good and regular standing drew away. But Barnabas, who had eyes of sympathy, saw that the root of the matter was already in him, and he took him to his heart and bade the little church at Jerusalem do likewise. In these days of theological difference, let Christians of every type beware lest they curse what God hath not cursed and defy what God hath not defied!

In the second place, Barnabas generously brought relief to those needy Christians at Jerusalem whose unfortunate communistic experiment had reduced them to want. When the divine spirit came upon the early church at Jerusalem, and they found themselves in one place with one accord, speaking a common language, other barriers also were removed. The walls of private ownership were shaken. "All that believed were together and had all things common. They sold their possessions and parted them to all men as every man had need." No one said that any of the things that he possessed were exclusively his own, but they had all things common.

It was a splendid outburst of Christian generosity—it seemed almost too good to be true. As the event proved, it was in some respects too good to be true—it was too far overborne by high-flown sentiment and too meagerly equipped with sound economic judgment to last.

There are certain facts about this social experiment undertaken by the early church at Jerusalem to be borne in mind when we come to appraise it. It was entirely voluntary—no one was forced in.

As Peter said to Ananias, "Whilst it remained was it not thine own, and after it was sold was it not in thine own power." It was not an enforced communism imposed upon an unwilling minority by others.

It was undertaken in a very small community where all the conditions of economic life were simple. The participants in that radical social experiment were not engaged in directing extensive systems of transportation or of manufacture. They had no vast economic problems to solve.

It was undertaken by a very select group, morally speaking—we are told that "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." It would be possible, among people who were walking on that high moral level, to put in operation economic methods which would be out of the question in an ordinary community, made up of saints and sinners in varying proportions.

It was undertaken in the belief that the speedy and visible return of Christ would immediately wind up the whole political and economic régime under which men were living, and inaugurate an altogether different organization of their common

life. The disposition of property took on quite another aspect among those who saw the end of all things at hand.

Even so, the experiment seems to have been a financial failure. "There arose a murmuring" of the Grecian, the Hellenistic, Jews against the simon-pure Hebrews, because they felt that their needs were not receiving adequate consideration in the daily ministration. The economic results of the experiment were so disappointing that no other Christian community—at Antioch, Ephesus, Philippi, or Corinth—seems to have been moved to duplicate it in their own financial arrangements.

And ere long the cry of need among "the poor saints at Jerusalem" had become so loud and insistent that the more thrifty, self-reliant Christian communities elsewhere were moved to take up offerings for their relief. It had been made a cardinal test of true discipleship that Christians should "love one another," and now these friends in the other churches proved themselves disciples indeed by the relief they sent to the needy in the Christian church at Jerusalem.

How easy it would have been for a level-headed man like Barnabas to say to those imprudent idealists at Jerusalem: "You brought it upon yourselves! You might have known better! It was your own fault that now you find yourselves in want. Any one with half an eye would have seen that when men part their possessions and have all things in common, the unworthy and improvident will come crowding in for the loaves and fishes. When a living can be had for the asking, lazy people will promptly go into the asking business. Human nature has not yet reached that level, morally speaking, where the spur of necessity can safely be removed."

But with this man of broad sympathies there was none of that. His fellow-Christians at Jerusalem were in difficulty. By their own fault? It may be. Alas for us all, if neither God nor man stood ready to look with pity upon those who suffer hurt as a result of their own folly! Under the leadership of this man whose sympathies were as wide as the world of human need, "the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to

send relief to the brethren who dwelt in Judea. And they sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul."

In the third place, Barnabas stood ready to give a young man, who may have acted rashly, another chance. Here is the story, and any one who has eyes to see can read between the lines many an unnamed detail. "Some days after, Paul said to Barnabas, 'Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord and see how they do.' And Barnabas determined to take with them John, whose surname was Mark. But Paul thought not good to take him with them, who departed from them from Pamphilia, and went not with them to the work. And the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder, one from the other. And so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus; and Paul chose Silas, and departed . . . through Syria."

It was a time when a number of questions vital to the progress of the kingdom had not been settled. The question of Gentile salvation, the extent to

which the requirements of the Jewish law might be disregarded by those who believed in Christ, the whole attitude of the church toward violations of that ceremonial law which theretofore had been regarded as binding! All these questions were still before the house and no final action had been taken.

It may be that this young man Mark, then engaged in thinking himself through this maze of questions, had been vacillating at Pamphilia and had shown himself unwilling to engage actively with his fellow-disciples in the work of Christ. Paul, therefore, impatient as ever with hesitation and compromise where principle was involved, would cut him off from any further participation in that missionary movement. He would not lean twice upon a broken or a bending reed. The young man had put his hand to the plow and then had looked back. He is unfit for the kingdom—he cannot enter the field again.

But Barnabas, the broader and kindlier man, stood ready to give him another chance. He saw in that uncertain, vacillating youth, the promise of splendid service in those riper years which lay

ahead. The young man had missed the mark, but give him another bow and a fresh supply of arrows and let him try again. Some other day he will not be overshooting the mark—he will be sending his arrows straight to the center of the target.

Paul was the greatest of all the apostles, but he was not infallible. As he said himself, "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos, but servants of Christ?" The outcome justified the patience and insight of the older man. Barnabas was right —he took Mark with him as an honored servant of Christ, and in the further unfolding of the history of the Christian church, the young man showed himself worthy of the honored name he bore.

In the New York Stock Exchange when trading is brisk, bargains are made and sales concluded by a mere nod of the head or a quick gesture of the hand. The transaction may involve thousands of dollars, and nothing has been reduced to writing. But the brokers stand to these hurried agreements with a scrupulous fidelity which has become proverbial.

The Stock Exchange has in its employ some nine hundred boys and young men as pages and messengers. It maintains an organization by which these young fellows are encouraged and aided in completing their high-school courses and often in gaining college training by the aid of the night-schools. Now and then some boy who comes from a modest home may need to borrow fifty dollars, perhaps, for the purchase of books and for the meeting of other expenses. The members of the Exchange maintain a loan fund for this very purpose.

Years ago the governors of the Exchange decided that in the administration of that loan fund, they would treat the boys as they treat each other. The boy, like a member who has his "seat" on the Stock Exchange is placed on his honor. He borrows money simply upon his word of mouth, with never a scrap of writing signed to show his indebtedness. And an officer of the Exchange told me within a few months that in all these years not a single boy has defaulted and not a dollar has been lost by this method. The boys respond to the confidence placed in them and match the expecta-

tion of their leaders by that splendid showing of integrity.

In the fourth place, Barnabas gave loyal and ready support to Paul in his great foreign-missionary enterprise. Paul's primary interest was in the men of his own race—his heart's desire and prayer to God was that Israel might be saved by the gospel of Christ. But when his own people refused his message and turned upon him with persecution, he felt himself released from that primary obligation and charged with vaster responsibility. He called out to those rebellious Jews: "It was necessary that the word of God should first be spoken to you. But seeing ye put it from you and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

Lo, we turn to the Gentiles! It was a significant word! It was a trumpet-call to a wider service. They had reached the parting of the ways, and now this outstanding leader did not hesitate. He saw that "the field is the world and the good seed are the children of the kingdom." The world is the only field large enough to receive the seed which

the Son of Man sows. It is the only field vast enough to yield that rich and varied harvest which will fill the granaries of the Lord.

"As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Spirit said, Separate unto me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Barnabas and Saul—perhaps the two strongest and finest leaders which the Christian church could show at that hour! The call of the foreign field is for the best there is. The need of those lands which did not enjoy the spiritual heritage which had come down from the past to the home field of Judea laid its compelling hand upon the choicest candidates in sight. Separate unto me Barnabas and Saul—the best is none too good!

When Phillips Brooks died in Boston on that dreary January day in 1893, the whole city was bowed in grief. For more than twenty years he had stood like a beacon light in the pulpit of Trinity Church pointing multitudes to the way that goeth forever upward and walking in it himself with that firm tread which gave assurance to all who saw and heard. He had been elected bishop of Massachusetts, and while he went up and down the

diocese, confirming and strengthening believers in his own communion, he was everybody's bishop. He blessed and benefited us all.

The morning after he died, the leading daily paper in Boston carried a long and carefully written editorial paying tribute to the beauty of his spirit and to the far-reaching influence of his ministry. The article was marred in the minds of many by this ill-advised reference. "It is quite commonly understood that in his early life Phillips Brooks felt a strong impulse to become a missionary, and at one time he was on the point of offering himself to his Board for service on the foreign field. What a loss would have been entailed upon the Christian church had this splendid young man gone out to India, China, or Africa to bury himself in some obscure station! How providential it was that this mischance was happily averted."

I wonder! Suppose he had gone! The cities of Philadelphia and Boston, where the three parishes he served were located, would not have enjoyed his splendid service. The diocese of Massachusetts would not have had his illustrious ministry as an honored bishop of the Episcopal

Church. But you could not bury a man like that among the teeming millions of India or China. His life, like the light of a city set on a hill, could not be hid.

No young man could have felt a deeper sense of gratitude to Phillips Brooks than I did, because, as a student in Boston, I attended his church almost every Sunday for three years, and his influence made its permanent mark upon my own life and ministry. But when I read those words in the Boston paper, with their implied slur upon the work of the foreign missionary, my soul protested. "Separate unto me Barnabas and Saul"—the best the church had at that time was none too good for the foreign field.

When Jesus was here, an alabaster box was broken and costly perfume was poured upon his head. There was a thrifty soul present that night who decried such "waste." "It might have been sold," he said, "for three hundred pence." Yes, it might have been sold—but it was not. It was freely given for the honor of Christ, and the fragrance of that gracious action has filled the whole world. It has inspired a wealth of generous

action of far more worth than three hundred pence. It is the spirit of Judas, rather than the spirit of Barnabas and of Saul, which would retain always the choicest vessels we have with their precious contents for the further enrichment of our own Christian nation and begrudge to those needier peoples the offerings of love which would fill their lands with a finer fragrance.

When Barnabas and Saul entered upon their foreign missionary service, they were preaching the gospel of Christ one day at Lystra. They had healed a poor lame man who had been a cripple from his birth and they had appealed to the people to turn from the vanities of idol-worship to the living God. It was all so wonderful that the untaught people felt that the very gods of heaven had come down to them in the likeness of men. "Barnabas they called Jupiter," because he was the older of the two and the man of more imposing presence. "Paul they called Mercury," the messenger of the Greek gods, "because he was the chief speaker." And the two men could scarcely

restrain the people from bringing sacrifices and paying them divine honor.

In the carrying on of that gracious work the record says that Barnabas "was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people were added to the Lord." We never hear of any great sermon preached by him, such as Peter preached that day at Pentecost when three thousand were added to the church. We have no great letters written by him, such as have come down through the ages from the pen of his associate, Paul. His strength lay in his personal touch and it was a touch with healing in it. He went up and down the field of Christian service "and much people were added to the Lord" as the natural result of his presence and influence.

He was ever a man of broad sympathies. How splendid is the office of human sympathy truly felt and graciously expressed! Its beneficent results can be traced in many a hard fight where weary men and women are bruised and blood-stained by the rude assaults of grief and pain.

The gentle sympathy of true and tried friends in such an hour is sufficient to turn the scale and change defeat into victory. By the ready sympathy of those who love us, we are moved to summon all our moral reserves into action and fight it through to a finish.

How the Perfect Man, the Son of Man, in his own hour of need reached out hungrily for human sympathy! When He went into the Garden of Gethsemane, knowing that he was facing arrest and crucifixion, He took with Him from that inner circle of disciples, Peter and James and John. He went on a little farther, and there in the darkness of the night, He prayed until He sweat blood. When He came back to His friends, He found them all asleep.

"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" It was not the whine of some weak soul—it was the call of One who could say: "I lay down my life for the sheep. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again." He was no weakling, but He was in Gethsemane, and the dark shadow of the cross lay athwart His path. He craved the sense of companionship with those who

loved Him. He wanted the presence of those who in such an hour would count it an honor to show themselves awake and sympathetic. "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" I have the feeling that if the broad-minded, benevolent Barnabas had been there that night, he would not have gone to sleep.

PAUL: THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD

XI

PAUL: THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD

WE have had abundant attention given to Paul as an effective preacher, as an able theologian, as a successful missionary, as a writer of letters potent in their influence upon Christian thought and life through all the centuries, as a noble mystic who had been caught up into the third heaven of spiritual experience, as a man of such holy life that he could say, "I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." We might say that the good grain from those fields of interest has been pretty much all reaped and threshed. The reader of this little book will not suppose that I am ignorant of those fair fields or indifferent to them because I do not try to enter any one of them.

Here, in this short sketch, I am interested in picturing the apostle to the Gentiles simply as a man among men! I wish to take him quite apart

from any ecclesiastical setting, from any theological controversy, from any missionary effort. We will see him taking direct hold of the primary facts of life barehanded. On the occasion I have in mind, he was compelled to face one of those stern, trying situations which test the souls of men. By his downright courage, his sound judgment, and his unselfish regard for the welfare of others, he took the center of the stage. In a word, "he made good."

Here is a short story about him for those who like "Treasure Island" or "Two Years Before the Mast"! It is a story of the sea and it is filled to the brim with the spirit of adventure. The action moves swiftly from hope to despair, and then swings back to hope again. "They that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters" have many a tale to tell. This account of a shipwreck off the Island of Malta is one of the best.

"When it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners to Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band. The centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing

for Italy and he put us therein. When we had sailed slowly for many days, we came to a place called Fair Havens. And when the south wind blew softly, we sailed close by Crete.

"But not long after there arose a tempestuous wind, and when the ship was caught and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive. And being exceedingly tossed with the tempest, the next day we lightened the ship. We cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship. And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away.

"But Paul stood forth in the midst, and said, Men, be of good cheer! There shall be no loss of life, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night an angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, men, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.

"But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down about midnight, the

sailors deemed that they drew near to land. They sounded and found it twenty fathoms. When they had gone a little farther, they sounded again and found it fifteen fathoms. Then fearing lest we should be cast upon the rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day.

"And as the sailors were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea under color as though they would have cast anchors out of the bow, Paul said to the centurion, 'Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved!' Then the soldiers cut the ropes of the boat and let her drop off.

"While the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat, saying, 'This day is the fourteenth that ye have taken nothing. Wherefore, I pray you, take some food for this is for your health. There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.' And when he had thus spoken, he took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all, and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then they were all of good cheer and they also took some meat.

"When they had eaten, they lightened the ship

and cast out the wheat into the sea. And when it was day they discovered a certain creek with a shore into which they were minded if possible to thrust in the ship. And when they had cut loose the anchors, leaving them in the sea, they hoisted up the mainsail and made toward shore. And falling into a place where there was a reef, they ran the ship aground. The prow stuck fast and remained unmovable, but the stern was broken with the violence of the waves.

"The soldiers decided to kill the prisoners lest any of them should swim out and escape, but the centurion, wishing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose. He commanded that they who could swim should cast themselves into the sea and get to land, and the rest on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land. And when they were escaped, they knew that the island was called Malta."

The man at the center of that scene was a preacher. He was not standing securely in his pulpit, ready to deliver a sermon. He was stand-

ing with his feet wide apart on the slippery deck of a ship which was about to be wrecked. For fourteen days, he and his companions had been tossed about on a small sailing vessel in a frightful storm off the coast of Crete, which is the roughest part of the Mediterranean. They had been sailing by dead reckoning—"when neither sun nor stars appeared in many days and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away." On the last night they heard the sound of the breakers and they were afraid that they were about to be dashed upon the rocks.

They cast out four anchors from the stern to keep them off shore "and they wished for the day." There is a lot of pathos packed into that terse phrase—"they wished for the day." The waves were as furious as wild beasts; the wind howled like some demon of the deep; and through the darkness they heard the roar of the breakers on that rocky coast.

Then that preacher came to the front and showed himself master of the situation. He did it by the power of his own personality. He was short in stature—not a big, handsome man like George

Washington or Phillips Brooks. He had no social prestige—he was a political prisoner, tried and condemned in a lower court and now being taken to Rome to be tried before Cæsar. He was not a man of wealth—he had often supported himself by working with his hands. He had nothing but the power of his personality, and that was enough. When the hour struck he found himself in the lead. He was a man who made good wherever he was.

Notice three things about him—what he did, what he said, what he was!

First, what he did! He took thought for the safety and comfort of his fellows. When they had cast the four anchors from the stern, some of the sailors crept around in the dark where a boat was swung over the side of the ship. They were about to lower it and escape, leaving the passengers to their fate.

This man Paul was alert—he saw what they were about to do and he called out to the Captain, "Except these abide in the ship, we cannot be saved." The sailors were needed on board to handle the ship and keep it off the rocks. The sol-

diers acted promptly. They cut the ropes and let the boat drop off into the sea. The sailors would have to stand by and take their share of the risk.

Paul saw that all of the men were weak and half-famished—they had not been eating anything. When a sailing vessel is tossed about for fourteen days in a storm, eating becomes difficult. Most of the people aboard are seasick—even sailors are not bomb-proof in a storm like that. And for those who are fit, the cooking and serving of food is not an easy task.

Paul therefore "took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all"—even on shipboard he did not forget to ask a blessing. He called out to them, "I beg of you to take some food, it shall be for your health." He knew that they would be better able to carry on during the night and to do their duty at daybreak if they ate something. Then he began to eat. His example was contagious—they all cheered up and took some meat. "First that which is natural," as he said in one of his letters, "then that which is spiritual."

He was made known, like his Master, in the breaking of bread.

How full of common sense he was! What an all-around religion he showed! "God has made everything beautiful in its time," the Bible says. There is a time to kneel down and pray, and there is a time to stand erect and do the thing that needs to be done next. This man could both watch and pray. He could act fearlessly as well as trust implicitly. When the storm was at its height, he was not lying in his berth repeating to himself comforting passages of scripture. "The sea is His and He made it and His hands prepared the dry land." "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves are still and bringeth them into their desired haven." "Day by day, in every way, I am safer and safer and safer." None of that! Paul was not a "safety first" sort of man. He was there on deck, active and alert, doing everything that could be done for the safety of his fellows.

When the men had eaten something, he took the lead in casting overboard all the cargo they could reach. The ship would ride the waves more easily,

if they lightened it, and they would have a better chance the next day to beach it on the sands, rather than allow it to be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The time comes when things are nothing, human lives are everything. Alas, that it takes a fire or an earthquake or a shipwreck to enable some men to check up on their estimates! When it becomes a question of life or death, the cargo has to go. What shall it profit any man to gain the whole world of things and then lose out on himself?

This is what the man did! He preached the gospel with his lips and then lived it in the ordinary round and round of his actions. He was a man who could make good wherever he found himself.

In the second place, what he said! He was looking into the faces of a lot of men who were panic-stricken. They saw death staring at them out of that angry sea and they were afraid. They were afraid to die.

Paul was not afraid. He moved about un-

troubled because he knew that his life was hid with Christ in God for its eternal security. "What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he would say. "Shall distress or persecution or peril? In all these things, we are more than conquerors! For I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." He stood there on the deck of that ship, calling out above the roar of the storm, "Be of good cheer, men, there shall be no loss of life."

Danger is an X-ray which reveals the hidden content of a man's soul. The real man shines through in the face of peril. One man is bewildered by it—he gropes and stumbles. Another man is disheartened by it—he lies down and whines. Another is made reckless and desperate —he strikes down the weak in a mad rush for his own safety. When the alarm of fire is sounded in a crowded theater, when a mighty earthquake shakes the foundations of San Francisco, when a ship founders and is about to sink, then the day declares each man's soul of what sort it is.

Any day may be judgment-day for some of us. In such an hour as we think not, the hard test comes when men stand or fall according to the stuff they have in them, as the result of the lives they have lived. The call for action separates the sheep from the goats. It says to one group, "Well done, you have made good! Enter into the joy of your lord." It says to another group, "Depart! Take yourselves off! You are weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Here at Malta was a man whose life-long habit of clear-headed, competent action, whose unselfish regard for the interests of others, whose firm faith in God, enabled him to hold fast. He was the master of his fate because he was the captain of his soul. "Fear not, there shall be no loss of life."

How much a certain habit and tradition of right action will do for a man or for a nation of men in some crisis! When the *Titanic*, the largest and finest ship in the whole White Star fleet, was making her initial voyage across the Atlantic, she struck an iceberg. A long ugly gash was torn in

the side of the steel-clad ship, and from that moment she was doomed.

When the captain saw that it was only a question of time, and a very short time at that, until she would go to the bottom, he stood on the bridge giving orders to the sailors for getting the women and children into the life-boats and lowering them to the water. Every sailor's own life was infinitely precious to him in that hour as he thought of his loved ones yonder on the land. Now he was asked to stand back and allow others to save themselves. There have been crews which thrust the weak aside and took to the boats themselves.

The captain of the *Titanic* stood upon the bridge and shouted through his megaphone, "Be British, men! Be British!" And the long, honorable tradition of that sea-faring people who have created an empire for themselves, steadied and strengthened every man of them. They were "British" in their stern fidelity to duty. The universal testimony of the survivors was to the effect that the discipline on the *Titanic* was perfect. They put the women and children into the boats and went down with their ship.

Have you ever been at sea in a long, hard storm? You may have seen a ship strained to the breaking-point by the fury of wind and wave. You can picture to yourself that scene off the island of Malta. The helplessness of this man-made craft, the incessant working of the pumps to keep her afloat, the benumbing effect of cold and wet and hunger upon those who had to battle with the elements, the nervous strain of uncertainty as to the outcome—all this tends to reduce human courage to its lowest terms!

How much it meant to have one man aboard who could stand up and say: "Be of good cheer —there shall be no loss of life! There stood by me this night a messenger of God saying, 'Fear not, Paul; thou shalt be brought before Cæsar and lo, God hath given thee all those that sail with thee.' Wherefore be of good cheer for I believe God that it shall be just as he said." This is what Paul said, and his word was with power. It put fresh courage into every man of them to do his best.

In the third place, what he was! The out-

standing fact about this man was his religion. He was a Christian, a great, big one! He felt himself linked up with and reinforced by that power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. He was a man of faith, relying upon something higher than a stiff upper lip, a good stomach, and a fair share of animal courage. All these have their place, but their limit is soon reached. He saw the importance of eating wholesome food when the body is weak. He recognized the mental stimulus to be found in words of hope and cheer. But underneath all this was his religious faith. "I believe God, whose I am and whom I serve." And God had not given him "the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

When a man fears God and keeps his commandments, he is not apt to fear anything else. That fundamental adjustment of his life to something which abides, carries him on his way undaunted. He is not thrown down nor turned aside nor beaten back by the difficulties which prove too much for weaker men. He lives in the presence of a higher world order. He endures as seeing Him who is invisible. His source of strength lies in his sense

of agreement with the will of the Eternal. The man who would "make good" in the truest sense of that term must always be a man of faith.

It was his religion that gave Paul what we mean by the power of personality. It is the highest thing we know on earth, and the One whom we enthrone in heaven is the Supreme Person. It dominates the situation. It decides the issue. Not things, but men, have the whip hand. What men think, what men feel, what men resolve upon, these are the significant factors in any situation and in the entire situation. The quality that made this man at Malta master of the situation was the power of personality. He was a man, and the only full-grown man in sight. He was alive all the way up and all the way in.

Now that power of personality can be cultivated and developed like any other live thing. It is not fixed and static, like a ton of coal or a pile of granite. It is mobile, dynamic, all but limitless in its capacity for advance. The new-born baby has next to nothing of what we call personality. If a score of babies were laid in a row, even the affectionate eyes of their mothers could scarcely dis-

tinguish between them. The capacity for growth is there, but days and years well-spent or ill-spent, as it may be, will declare in each case the measure and quality of personality.

The strongest influence we know anything about in the development of personality is that same sense of contact between the human and the divine which we call religion. These faulty, incomplete lives of ours are here to be enriched, empowered, and completed by their sense of fellowship with the Author and Finisher of all being. It was the prayer of this same man, who stood there on the deck of that ship, that every man should be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; that Christ should dwell in his heart by faith; and that knowing the love of Christ, he might at last be filled with all the fullness of God. If any one would become all that God means him to be, he will have to learn to live for Him and with Him.

In these times on which we have fallen, the whole world has been shipwrecked by a great disaster. We are not sailing through smooth seas

on an even keel with a blue sky overhead. It is a time of storm and stress. The widespread unemployment and social unrest in Great Britain; the open distrust and vindictiveness which have marked the relations between France and Germany; the shifting foundations of social order in Italy; the dire calamities which have befallen Greece and Armenia; the uncertain fate of Poland; the wide empire of disappointment in Russia; the torn and troubled conditions in China, the stirrings of revolt in Egypt and in India—all these give every thoughtful man concern! He wonders whether or not this twentieth-century civilization of ours will be equal to the strain which is being put upon it.

Here in our own land we have suffered less from the great disaster. But nation-wide coal strikes and railroad strikes have made living more costly and difficult for us all. The friction and irritation in many manufacturing centers, the widespread feeling among the farmers that they have not been fairly used, the open, flippant contempt for law in many quarters, the forces of evil at work just underneath the surface in our great cities—all these give us a feeling of concern for the

security of the Republic! Every man, who has sense enough to know what is going on, feels like calling out from time to time, "Watchman, what of the night? Tell us what the signs of promise are."

We cannot expect much from shrewd political devices. We have too many laws now, rather than too few. We cannot expect much from those clever, new-fangled forms of economic organization which are sometimes put forward as panaceas for all our ills. In the last analysis, it is a question of the personal character of our men. Are men good enough to do the things which will have to be done for the gaining of that better social order?

Listen closely and you will hear the still, small voice saying, as it said three thousand years ago: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The fate of a man or of a nation or of a civilization is at bottom a moral question. For what do men care supremely? To what ends do they give the largest measure of thought and strength? For what

interests do they stand ready to make the greatest sacrifices? That will tell the story.

Wherever the philosophy of life is wrong, action will be wrong. Wherever the lines of action are wrong, disaster comes. Has any people in the whole history of the world ever written out a more incisive commentary upon these ancient words than did the central powers of Europe? "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." There are modes of life which make for peace on earth, good will among men, and the glory of God in the highest. There are other modes of life which make for greed and strife, for hatred and ultimate disaster. Let every man and every nation choose this day what mode of life shall be served in those final purposes which rule our hearts!

The call of the hour is for men who will "make good" in the full sense of that term. It may be in the directing of an industry or of a university or of a home! It may be in serving the interests of a church or a city or a nation! In every case the need is the same. "God give us men!" Men with some habit of clear-headed, competent ac-

tion, men with an honest regard for the rights and interests of their fellows, men with firm faith in God! God give us men—then no matter what storms may come, we shall make port!

JESUS: THE PERFECT TYPE

XII

JESUS: THE SON OF MAN, THE PERFECT TYPE

"BEHOLD the man!" Pilate was a Roman, but he felt in that hour that for the first time in his life he had seen a real man. He was awed by the sight. "I find no fault in him." Nor did any one! Nor have all the ages since! He stands before us to-day altogether unique. Jesus, the Son of Man, the perfect type!

"He was found in fashion as a man." Whatever else He may have been, He was a man. Holding strongly as I do to the higher view of Christ's person, standing ready to bow before Him in adoration and to hail Him as "Saviour, Redeemer, and Lord," I shall, in this last chapter of a study in temperament, limit my attention to those aspects of His life and service which stand altogether within the human categories. We may dif-

fer in some of our theological estimates, but we can all unite in our reverence for one who was the Son of Man, the heir apparent of all that is essentially and eternally human.

He was born in a manger; He grew up in the home of a carpenter; He lived the life of a peasant; He went about for days together with nowhere to lay His head; He died upon a cross and His body was laid in a borrowed tomb. Yet throughout, He carried in His heart the dream of a kingdom which would prove itself an everlasting kingdom, a kingdom not sustained by thrones and swords, but resting upon a voluntary loyalty and love, a kingdom not of meat and drink and things to wear, but a kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the divine spirit. And for nineteen centuries, He has been steadily building that kingdom into great sections of the life of the race.

When He said to the Roman official, "My kingdom is not of this world—if it were, my servants would fight," the Roman officer replied with a sneer, "Art thou a king, then?" How strangely his words sound when we repeat them to-day! The moral victory of Jesus Christ in the unfolding

history of mankind is the great outstanding miracle. In the face of that spiritual triumph which cannot be questioned, the healing of the sick or the opening of the eyes of the blind becomes relatively unimportant. "So doth the greater glory dim the less! A substitute shines brightly as a king until a king be by."

Cast your eyes over the list of the greatest men of our time in literature and in science, in music and in art, in commerce and in government! What man among them all would dare to say that nineteen hundred years from now his name and his ideas will then have become the rallying-point of a world-wide interest and of a sacrificial devotion which would stop at nothing! Has the world ever seen anything so marvelous as this enduring and continuing moral victory of Jesus Christ!

How did he do it? We cannot readily sum up all the contributing factors in a single sentence. He did it mainly by the moral perfection of his own life, which has made and will forever make an impress upon the lives of men nothing less than

redemptive. He has proved himself "the power of God unto salvation" to every one who has entered into an abiding sense of personal fellowship with Him.

His supreme excellence, the moral quality which renders Him the Perfect Type, may be said to lie in a certain poise and balance in all His attitudes, in all His utterances, and in the net result of His influence upon the lives of men. He did not have "the defects of His virtues." "In Him was life," life abundant, life in all its glorious completeness, life which was life indeed, "and the life was the light of men." He showed life steadily and He showed it whole.

"It is not in the unrivaled exhibition of any one form of human excellence," as Canon Liddon once said, "whether purity or humility, charity or courage, self-denial or consideration for others, that we best appreciate the significance of our Lord's human character. It is in the equal balance of all excellence, in the absence of any warping, disturbing, exaggerating influence that modern writers have been forward to recognize a moral sublimity which they can discover nowhere else in history."

He combined strength with tenderness. How virile He was! When misguided poets, artists, and pietists have pictured Him as soft and spineless, they have done Him wrong. The very name He bore was the name of His country's greatest military leader—Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua. When He saw the religious leaders of His day guilty of hypocrisy He denounced them to their faces in words which were like hot coals. When Herod, the king, showed himself tricky and cruel, Jesus called him, "that Fox." When He found the temple filled with dishonest traders, He drove them out and made His Father's house once more a house of prayer. It takes manly strength to drive a lot of rascals out of a place where they are making money, but not a man of them dared to stand before Him. His word was with power and his whole life was dynamic.

He was a man's man, yet the most delicate and aspiring woman finds in him the fulfilment of all her highest dreams of spiritual excellence. How chivalrous He was to the weak! When those evil-minded men dragged the guilty woman before Him, insisting, that according to the law of Moses,

she be stoned, He knew instantly how to meet their demand. He showed himself at once master of the situation. He looked straight into their eyes and said, "The man among you who has never committed the same sin may throw the first stone."

No stones were thrown. Not one of them felt morally competent to lead off in the stoning. When they had all stolen out, afraid and ashamed, the woman was left alone in the midst, a great sinner in the presence of a great Saviour. He said to her quietly, "Hath no man condemned thee?" She replied modestly, with her eyes on the ground, "No man, Lord." "Neither do I," He said, "go and sin no more!" Here was that blending of strength and tenderness which exalts Him in all eyes!

He stood at the very opening of His ministry in the synagogue at Nazareth "where He had been brought up." This was His home town—here were His friends and neighbors who had known Him as a boy and had seen Him at work in the shop of the carpenter. Some of them had been saying when they saw Him making bold to read

the lesson of the day: "We know you. You are no prophet. You are just the son of Joseph the carpenter." Prophets have to earn their honor in their own communities—and it comes high.

He was not afraid of them. He was there to announce the opening of His ministry and He did it without flinching. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," He said, "because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor." Then He told them how God in the time of Elisha had passed by lepers in Israel to cleanse Naaman, who was a Syrian. He told them how God had passed by widows in Israel in the days of Elijah to minister to the needs of a woman who was a widow in Sidon. Then He warned them, lest they also should show themselves blind to their spiritual opportunities.

They were orthodox Jews, and when His words of rebuke and warning fell upon their ears, "They were filled with wrath." They wanted to cast Him down headlong from the brow of the hill in Nazareth, but He faced them, "and passing through the midst of them, went His way." Not a man there dared to touch Him.

He sat one night as a guest at the table of a wealthy Pharisee. A woman who had been living an evil life, but whose heart apparently had been touched by some word of His regarding the divine mercy toward those who had failed, stole in and knelt at His feet. She burst out crying and the tears ran down her cheeks until they fell upon His feet. Vexed with herself at such a show of feeling, she hastily brushed them away with her hair, which hung loose down her back.

The Pharisee was horrified. For a woman of the street to enter a respectable home, even with tears of penitence in her eyes, was to this haughty soul like seeing the sun rise in the west. It turned everything end for end and upside down. No guilty person had ever cried at his feet, even though he was a member of the Jewish Church. "This man, if he were a prophet, would know what manner of woman this is, for she is a sinner."

Then Jesus told the story of that creditor who forgave two debtors, one who owed much and one who owed little, simply because they were both in dire distress. And the one to whom he forgave most, loved him most. The shot went home

and the Pharisee had nothing more to say.

Then turning to the woman He said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." And He added graciously, "Thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace." The woman had not uttered a word, so far as the record shows, but He understood everything. And He lifted the burden of guilt from her penitent heart and bade her go out into newness of life.

Strength and tenderness! Strong in His fearless readiness to rebuke and oppose those who were stiff and unyielding in their wrong attitudes, even though they sat in places of wealth and high position! Tender beyond words to all those who were helpless and were sick of their wrong-doing, when they showed a desire to do better!

When a man's right leg is too long—longer than the other—we call him deformed. When one good quality in a man is too long in proportion to other good qualities, he is morally deformed. Peter was long on energy, but short on steadiness. John in his early Christian life was long on earnestness, but short in patience and charity. It is so easy for enthusiasm to become fanatical, for fervor to

become hysterical, for a vivid imagination to become flighty, for integrity to become hard and unforgiving, for a practical disposition to become dull and prosaic, for thrift to pass over into stinginess. How many men have "the defects of their virtues!"

Jesus was never bowled over by opposition, or by some untoward situation which suddenly developed before him, into any hasty, foolish word, into any unwise action, or into any unseemly mood. He was divinely poised and balanced. There was a certain finish and completeness about him which has caused men to exalt him highly, giving him a name which is above every name and to express their conviction that before the quality of life which He embodied, every knee at last shall bow.

He also combined earnestness with patience. How thoroughgoing and rigorous He was in his teaching! How sternly insistent upon righteousness! He did not scatter all over the lot like some badly made shot-gun. Whenever He spoke, men had the sense of his hitting the mark.

He never fumbled his words. "No man can

serve two masters"—"ye cannot serve God and money!" "Every house divided against itself falls." The man who builds his life on disobedience is a fool, building as he does on sand, for the storms will blow it down. The man who lays up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God is a fool. The man who fares sumptuously every day clothed in purple and fine linen, allowing human need at his very gate to go unrelieved, will find himself in the torments of hell.

He told the religious leaders of his day who were insincere that publicans and harlots would reach heaven before they did. He told the Pharisees, who made long prayers and then devoured widows' houses, that they were "false and blind, whited sepulchres, serpents and vipers." He said to his leading disciple, when the man had taken a false attitude, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He meant that unless Peter changed his attitude, he would be going to the devil. He told men who were using their possessions selfishly that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.

He was eager even as a boy to be about his Father's business. When He had entered upon his public ministry he said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me." When He sent out his disciples the first time, He said, "Go, preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give."

When He sent them out again, just before He parted from them, He said, "Go into all the world" —think of the audacity of it! "Teach the nations the things that I have commanded you. Make disciples of them and baptize them into the name of the Father and into my name and into the name of the Holy Spirit." He had the sense of mission and He was tremendously in earnest about the accomplishment of it.

Yet how patient He was! He lived thirty-three years on the earth, and thirty of those years—more than nine tenths of them—were spent in preparation. Ten years of devotion and spiritual discipline for one of active service! Ten days of deep, sweet fellowship with the Father for one day of

unselfish contact with the needs of men! Ten hours of prayer and silent waiting upon God for one of speech in the ears of men! We do not wonder that the three years were great when we think of those thirty patient, silent years standing behind them. He was saying, during all that period, by His very bearing, "Mine hour is not yet come."

He would not break a bruised reed nor despair of kindling a fire from a bit of smoking flax. If any man had a bit of faith the size of a grain of mustard-seed, Jesus felt that he had enough to make a beginning. If the man would only start and keep right on possessing his soul in patience, he would see the day when he would be moving mountains of spiritual difficulty.

He told his followers that the progress of the kingdom of God was like a farmer who would cast his seed into the ground and then, as he slept and rose night and day, the seed would grow, he would not know how. The earth would bring forth fruit of herself from that modest beginning, first the blade, then the ear, and, at the time of harvest, the full ripe corn.

He had more to say about prayer than any one

whose words are recorded here in the Scriptures. He Himself prayed with such manifest efficacy that His disciples crept up to Him one day where He was praying, and when He ceased, they whispered, "Lord, teach us to pray." They coveted the results of this patient waiting upon God more than anything else.

We read that on one occasion "as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered." The very flesh of His features bowed to the supremacy of the spirit within. "There is sometimes in the face a solar light which comes from the activities of the higher nature when conscience is supreme." When the higher nature is thus put into full action, there comes that radiant look.

When Phillips Brooks was pleading with men for their souls in some high hour in Trinity Church, or when Maud Ballington Booth made intercession for the poor moral failures in the prisons, men have sometimes seen in those faces glimpses of that "solar light." When once we accept the principle underlying these facts of experience and carry it up to the *n*th power, we may find there at the summit the phenomena recorded

in the story of the Transfiguration when Jesus patiently waited upon God at the mountain-top for the renewal of His strength.

Jesus showed Himself able to utter sayings which in their respective fields would become final words. "Love one another as I have loved you." "Ye are the salt of the earth"—the saving element in human society. "Ye therefore shall be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." These sayings leave nothing more to be desired. The eye of moral aspiration does not reach beyond them. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." The highest conception of the divine which the mind of man has been able to cherish does not rise above the thought of the God and Father of Jesus Christ.

Yet how patient He was with human weakness! When Thomas doubted Him, He met the man not with rebuke and scorn for his unbelief—He met him with sympathy, patience, guidance, and evidence. When Peter had denied Him three times over with an angry oath, He turned and looked at Peter in silence without a word of censure.

When He met him later at the Sea of Galilee His first word was, "Simon, lovest thou me?"

He showed that deep-seated respect for the rights of human personality which lies at the basis of all good breeding and of all good morals. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" That was as far as He would come unasked into any man's life. He would stand there at the door patiently knocking as indicative of His desire to enter into fellowship with that life. If the man would hear his Master's voice and open the door, Jesus would come in—and only then. He combined earnestness with patience.

He also combined dignity with humility. His own sense of peace and worth must have given Him the feeling of a strong, wise, serene personality. We find no confession of fault or of failure falling from his lips. No sins to confess! No mistakes to regret! No self-distrust to keep Him in the background! No shrinking from high command or exacting responsibility!

On the contrary, "Who convicteth Me of sin?" "I do always those things which please the Father."

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "I am the door—by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." When He hung upon the cross in that last dread hour. He did not say, "Father forgive Me" —He said, "Father forgive them."

When He taught, He would say, "A greater than Solomon is here." The centuries which have elapsed have abundantly confirmed that claim. He asked His disciples one day, "Whom do men say that I am?" They began to draw upon the past. No man living seemed great enough to suggest the greatness which they saw in Him. They called up the names of the giants in Hebrew history. John the Baptist risen from the dead! Elijah come again! Jeremiah or one of the prophets!

No one of these estimates upon His person satisfied Jesus. When Peter returned an answer which He could approve, He showered His benedictions upon Peter, assuring him that he had not gained that idea from flesh and blood—it was a conviction wrought into his mind and heart by the Father in Heaven.

When Jesus faced Pilate in the judgment-hall, He asserted His own dignity and worth in no uncertain terms. The soldiers were plaiting a crown of thorns to place it upon His head in derision for His kingly claims. They were ready to place a reed in his hand as a rude caricature of the royal scepter. Pilate was even then causing an inscription to be written, "This is the king of the Jews," as a rough joke. But when Pilate asked him with a sneer, "Art thou a king?" there came a ringing assertion of his own position! "Thou sayest what I am, a king."

He looked forward to the time when He would sit upon the throne of His glory and all nations would be gathered before Him to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. He would have the right to separate them one from another as a shepherd divided his sheep from the goats. He would do it upon the basis of their having shown or having failed to show the spirit of kindliness in their conduct toward the needy. The rating would be given according to the treatment men had been dealing out to their weaker fellows.

It was a brave thing for Him to say in the face

of that religious world which had gone to seed in its passion for theological orthodoxy, for ritual correctness, and for ecclesiastical machinery. How modern it sounds when we read it aloud in this twentieth century! It might have been written last week! "Inasmuch as ye have done the deeds of kindness to the hungry and the naked, the sick, the imprisoned, the strangers, ye have done it unto Me—inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

What a clear-cut rebuke to those narrow-minded people of our day who are constantly casting aspersions upon the Christian Church because of its alleged lack of sympathy for the struggling, claiming everything for "the social emphasis in modern life!" One would think sometimes that social service must have been invented overnight by a few of these single-track, irreligious humanitarians.

Here, in words uttered by the head of the Christian Church nineteen hundred years ago, are the great principles to which all humane impulse must look for stimulus, for guidance, and for ethical warrant! The moral discriminations of the great assize were to be based upon the presence or the absence of that spirit of kindly, sacrificial service.

And the One who would sit upon the throne, judging the nations, would be the Son of Man who had so royally embodied that spirit in His own action.

Yet how simple and humble He was! He would pause in the midst of His teaching to welcome a mother who was pressing her way through the crowd to show Him her baby. When the disciples were about to repel what seemed to them an unwarranted impertinence, He would say, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And He took the babies up in His arms and put His hands on them and blessed them.

He would sometimes talk at length with blind beggars. He would listen to the impatient, unreasoning whine of a man who had been a cripple for thirty-eight years. He would lay a clean hand of kindness and of healing upon a leper. He would utter some of the choicest and loftiest sayings in all His reported teaching to an audience of one.

There is one scene which stands out like the Matterhorn in its blending of dignity with humil-

ity. He was about to eat the last supper with His disciples. They had been quarreling on their way to the supper—"there had risen among them a contention as to which of them should be accounted the greatest." He could not utter those words contained in the fourteenth chapter of John to men in that mood—they would have stuck in His throat. He could not offer such men the bread and wine of the sacrament, bidding them feed upon Him in their hearts by faith with thanksgiving in order to gain a quality of life like His own. Had He attempted it, the elements would have fallen from His hands before they reached the lips of those men in their present mood. He must wash their feet and their minds and their hearts from the stains which He saw.

The Orientals wear loose sandals, and when one enters a home a servant removes the sandals, pours water over his feet, and wipes them with the ever ready towel. The Master had hoped that one of the Twelve, as they had no servant with them, would offer to perform this service for Him and for the rest. But in view of the fact that they had just been disputing as to their greatness, no one

of them was willing to make himself of no reputation and take upon him the work of a servant. They had yet to learn the meaning of His great word, "The greatest of all is the servant of all."

The Master did not hesitate. "Knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, that He was come from God and went to God, He rose from supper, took a towel and a basin of water and began to wash the disciples' feet."

"Having this superlative consciousness, He took upon Himself the form of a servant and ministered to the humblest human need." "Jesus knowing—there you have the brimming tidal consciousness," as Dr. Jowett once said; "He began to wash the disciples' feet—there you have the ocean's fullness in the homely creek. Expand the consciousness, and you will fill the creeks. If we would have finer doing, we must have larger knowing."

How far He stooped, yet how simple and natural His action seems when we view it in its setting and in the light of all that we know about Him! His name is indeed "above every name," yet here

He stands before the ages with a basin of water and a towel! He combined dignity with humility in a manner that was matchless.

We might pursue this study of His disposition, His temper, His attitude toward life, indefinitely. It was the judgment of one who knew Him best and loved Him supremely, that if all the things He did and said were adequately written up, "the world itself would not contain all the books." It was a bit of Oriental imagery to indicate His own sense of helplessness in attempting anything like a complete portrayal of the Son of Man.

He stands before the world as one competent to be "the Prince with the four names" of early Hebrew history. He embodied all the high qualities which the prophet had in mind when he called the Coming One of Israel, "Wonderful Counselor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." He was and is and shall be evermore to all the more aspiring sections of the human race, the Perfect Type.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with

you!" What a beautiful wish to express to any group of human lives! It is a benediction in itself.

"If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him I will cleave alway."